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The Martyrs of China.

When reading or listening to the story of the sufferings and death of the martyrs for Christ in the early years of the Church, we are tempted to think that the days of such things are altogether past.

It is true that such a fate no longer threatens us; nevertheless, even in these days followers of Christ are sometimes called upon to seal their faith with their blood, and their courage ranks with that of the early martyrs.

A CHINESE BOOT-MAKER.

Many inspiring and touching incidents are to be found in the records of recent Chinese martyrdom.

The Chinese, as is well known, hold very firmly to their own opinions, in both religious and other matters, thinking their own methods far better than those of foreigners.

A Chinese workman carries on his trade in the same way as his ancestors did before him, and travellers have admired the painstaking patience with which they perform their tasks.

When a Chinaman has been led by the Holy Spirit into the truth, he holds his new faith as firmly as he did his former one, and no threats will make a truly converted man relapse into heathenism.

Who can but admire the exultant faith which must have filled the soul of Hsieh, a Christian of Peking, who insisted upon donning his best clothes as if for a festal occasion when he was led out to his martyrdom.

'I am to enter the palace of the King,' he said, 'and the best clothes I have should be used.' No wonder the Chinese dug out his heart to find the secret of his courage.

As the times grew dark,and dread uncertainties were hovering over the lives of the Christians, a Bible class of simple village women, in view of the possibilities of coming trial, all rose one day in the class room 'to signify their willingness to die for Christ if he should put them to the test.'

One stout-hearted disciple, with the sword at his throat, replied to the test question, 'Yes, I am a Christian;' but as he escaped execution he was asked afterwards how he could witness so boldly when his life was threatened.

He replied. 'I have just been reading how Peter denied his Master, and afterwards went out and wept bitterly, and how could I deny my Lord?'

What more splendid example of fortitude than that Chinese Christian who declared himself a believer in the face of the mob, and after his ears were cut off still replied, 'I am a Christian.'

Then his hands were severed at the wrists, and he was given another opportunity to deny his Lord and yet save his life, but he again refused to recant, and was beaten to death and beheaded.

A young student received two thousand blows but would not recant. Even schoolboys and schoolgirls in several instances met death with a heroism which adds a peculiar lustre to this story of martyrdom.

Among the six Christian reformers of Foochow who were beheaded by the Empress Dowager there were three who expressed a desire to be baptized, yet 'humbly refrained because it would bring such ignominy on the Church. They did not know that their names would be an honor on the rolls of the Church, and that their example would be a lesson to the world.

Why does God allow martyrdom?

It is surely a supreme test. As such, if successfully endured, it is honoring to Christ, and takes its place among the evidences of the sincerity of faith and the loyalty of the soul's allegiance to the Gospel.

The fact that it is permitted and so often exacted is, moreover, a sign of Christ's confidence in the readiness of his faithful followers to suffer to the uttermost for his sake.

It is finally a heroic means of grace. It is a question whether the Church would have worthily survived if it had not had the discipline of martyrdom. If such faults have marked its career in spite of its fiery training, would it have held its own if it had never known the inspiration of the martyr spirit?

We may not be appointed to die for Christ, but we may live for him in the spirit of unselfish heroism, facing duty without flinching, and making our lives a living sacrifice to God and his service.

If the hallowed lessons of the hour help us to a higher level, enabling us to live and toil as those who would, if called upon, readily accept martyrdom, we too shall honor Christ, and learn profitable lessons from those faithful brethren and humble converts who, counting not their lives dear, have entered heaven in triumph.—'Cottager and Artisan.'

A Revival Among the Karens

(The Rev. J. G. Mantle, in 'Out-and-Out.')

There are several distinct races in Burma, the principal of these being the Burmans, Karens, Peguans, and Shans.

The Karens chiefly inhabit villages in the jungles and mountains, and, notwithstanding the power and oppression of the Burmans, they have, for the most part, maintained their independence and lived apart as a separate people. They have been marvellously kept of God for the reception of the Gospel for many generations. Their traditions embody remembrances of the creation, the deluge, and the promise of a deliverer. They speak of God and his sovereignty, unity and eternity, his perfection and holiness.

You will readily see how these traditions are of the greatest possible advantage to the missionary who goes to preach to these people. In a great many languages there is no

name for God which would be readily understood by the people, but, if you are speaking to the Karens, and pronounce their word for God they know at once of whom you speak, and have a pretty accurate idea of some of his attributes at least. I learned in the traditions and history of this remarkable people that there had been prophets among them, and from what has been preserved there must have been something like inspiration in some of these men. They told of a people who should come to them from the setting sun, who would bring to them a book that would tell them of deliverance. They said, moreover, that these strange people who should come to them would be clad in garments of shining black or shining white, and that they would wear white hats like snail shells. The sun-hat which I wore, in common with all Europeans and Americans, is by no means unlike a snail shell. It seems an exact fulfilment of their prophecy.

This explains how it was that, when I put in an appearance at a Karen village one memorable Saturday, the people took it for granted that the man in the white helmet and white clothes had come on no other errand than that of proclaiming the gospel; and before I was consulted, the bell of the church was ringing to summon the people to worship.

It was in 1828 that the first effort was made to reach the Karens. The name of the first convert was Ko-Tha-Byu. He was converted in a stronghold of Buddhism, where there were no fewer than 200 Buddhist priests. This man had been a robber and a bandit, and it is supposed that he had taken the lives of at least thirty or forty persons. He had got into debt, and had been made a slave on that account. His debt was paid by Dr. Judson, and, although he had a diabolical temper, the great missionary and his colleagues spared no pains or patience to bring him under the transforming power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It took a long time, but at last the miracle of grace, was performed, and Ko-Tha-Byu became a thoroughly changed man, proving not only how a degraded heathen may be changed, but how such an one may undertake with passionate earnestness the work of soul-winning, for Ko-Tha-Byu, became a great preacher, and his preaching has been described as like boring with an auger. There were many things he did not know, but he drove the truths he did know into the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

This man's conversion was the turning-point in the history of the degraded race to which he belonged, for it must not be forgotten that the Burmans looked down upon the Karen with profound contempt. They were, alas! the victims of intemperance and disgusting vices, and they were cruelly trodden under foot and virtually enslaved by the Burmans, who forced them to till the land, pay exorbitant taxes, and do all kinds of slave labor. To escape from their persecutors, they wandered into remote and inacessible regions, so that they might not be kidnapped and reduced to bondage.

This converted robber was, however, the first fruits of a great harvest, and there is in Burma to-day among the Karens alone, a community of at least 100,000 souls pervaded by Christian sentiment. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that the Karens have proved themselves the most loyal citizens of our Empire in the East.

Rising at five o'clock one Saturday morning, I started by train for the Karen village of Okkan, some six hours' journey from Rangoon. The first thing that arrested my attention when I reached the village was an enormous building, rapidly approaching completion, with considerable claims to architectural beauty. It was one of ten immense churches which are either built, in course of building, or projected, by a Karen prophet, who has been raised up to evangelize the people. His heathen name was Ko-Pice-An, a name which means 'Mr. Little Money.' He was first of all a Mawlay, Mawlayism being a mixture of Karen traditional beliefs in God, with Buddhistic asceticism and monkish ideas of gaining merit by pilgrimage, fasting, penance, etc. Dissatisfied, he turned to pure Buddhism, and built a large monastery and two pagodas. Still dissatisfied with the negations of Buddhism, he went to listen to the preaching of a missionary who came to his village, and in the end became a true disciple of Jesus Christ. His name is now Ko-San-Ye, which means 'Mr. Living Water.' 'Ko-Pice-An,' he says, 'is dead, and Ko-San-Ye must work as diligently for God as Ko-Pice-An did for the Devil.'

The influence of this Karen prophet is enormous, and at one of his recent gatherings they found, by actual inquiry, that people from a hundred and one different villages were present. When I reached this building, which will seat from 4,000 to 5,000 people, I found that Ko-San-Ye had only left Okkan a few minutes earlier. Many of the congregation were still gathered about the building, and, as I have already said, they concluded we could have no other errand than that of just preaching to them. My hostess, Mrs. Armstrong, who was formerly a missionary to the Karens, spoke to them in their own language, and, when I followed, she proved an admirable interpreter for me. The people who sat around us, eagerly listening to the message, are still heathen though they have abandoned their heathen practices, and, as one of them said to me, are now seeking 'Father God.'

In answer to my question as to how the people knew when Ko-San-Ye was coming, I was told that among the Karens there is a kind of wireless telegraphy. They have their Marconi points, putting it figuratively, for the dissemination of news. In a mysterious way the news of the prophet's coming spreads from village to village, and the people flock from every quarter, for they are tired and sick of sin, and they believe that Ko-San-Ye is a man sent from God to lead them back into Divine favor, which they, through their disobedience forfeited. Hundreds are eager for baptism, but the missionaries wisely keep them back, and none are baptized without passing through a probationary period.

Have you ever felt the presence of God in a district when a great revival is in progress? I felt, in this part of Burma, the hush of the Divine presence, and all around me were evidences of the convicting and converting power of the Holy Spirit. A great lump came into my throat when I knew the hymn with which the Karen teacher opened the service on that memorable day. This is the first verse:

'On the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands!'

I saw on a table in this great building a huge 'chatti,' or earthenware jar, covered with a white cloth. What was this for? I asked. I learned, to my surprise, that it was for the collection, and that on the previous evening it had contained a large sum of money. But what did the water mean, for the jar was half-filled with water? 'Ah,' said my informant, 'Ko-San-Ye is something of a mystic, and both he and his people love to talk in figurative language.' 'Money,' says the prophet, 'is fire; it is capable of infinite mischief. The love of it is the root of all evil, and the best thing to do is to put it in the water and make it holy money. Let the water quench the fire, and make the gift pure.' Ko-San-Ye had in his unregenerate days, a wonderful power to get the money—hence his old name—and he retains it still. Do you wonder that my heart was awed and rejoiced in the presence of the wonderful work of God?

In Germany 12,000 persons are annually treated for delirium tremens, and one-fourth of the entire number of cases of lunacy in Germany are directly traceable to alcoholic liquor.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 12, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Roosevelt Elected—Bigger Pluralities than McKinley—American Papers.
Roosevelt's Personal Triumph—The New York 'Evening Post.'
He is Elected President—The 'Sun,' New York.
Roosevelt Replies to Parker's Charges—American Papers.
Roosevelt's Strength with the People—'Leslie's Weekly,' New York.
The Canadian Elections—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Campaigning in Quebec—'Rouge' and 'Bleu' Outside the Village Church—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Port Arthur—The 'Times,' New York.
Defects of Japanese Guns and Japanese Cavalry—Special Correspondence of the 'Standard,' London.
The Man with a Pass—For Rogues and Vagabonds—By H. J. B., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Church Congress at Liverpool—Infidelity—The 'Church Times.'
Florence Nightingale—A Great Movement's Jubilee—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Leasehold Marriage—The 'Spectator,' London.
Scottish Church Case—The Judgment Made Operative—English Papers.
Scottish Churches' Dispute—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Mr. Abbey's Coronation Picture—The 'Times,' London.
Musical Novelties and the Public—The 'Musical News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY

What Thank-Offering?—From Ode, by William Wordsworth.
The Cry of the Old House—Poem, by Lizette Woodworth Reese, in the 'Atlantic Monthly.'
Quintin Hogg—A Biography—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Garden of Allah—Mr. Hitchin's Singularly Beautiful Story—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Apostle of Land Reform—The Life and Work of Henry George—By L. T. Hobhouse, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
How to Make a Living in Africa—A Valuable Book by Owen Thomas—The 'Globe,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Aerial Infection—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
Sir Oliver Lodge on Miracles—The 'Standard,' London.
Advice to Lady Doctors—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Ambitious Old Age—The Philadelphia 'Record.'

THINGS NEW AND OLD

Herein Is Love.

A heartless Hindu father placed his motherless baby girl in the road, and abandoned her there. Years pass away, and the once deserted one is found in a Christian Home with many others, who have been rescued from cruel treatment and moral peril. No contrast could be greater than between then and now. Then, despised, helpless, outcast. Now, at the age of fourteen, beloved, cultured in mind and heart, with the spirit and manners of a Christian gentlewoman.

A few weeks ago a small crowd of famishing girls from the famine districts, emaciated, prematurely aged, some very ill, were taken into that bright and happy Home, and with them some starveling, sicking orphan baby-girls. In order that the latter might be properly cared for, the Mother of the Home (who is lovingly termed by her large family, 'Bai' only), appealed to the elder girls of the long-time inmates, asking for volunteers who would each adopt, as a special care, a famine baby. Amongst those who responded was the gentle lassie who was herself abandoned in her babyhood, maybe to perish. She chose her child. Then some of the other elder girls thoughtlessly bantered her, and said, in substance, 'Your child is like a little monkey; why did you choose one so ugly?' She quietly answered 'Not to take a pretty and attractive child, but to take a wretched and unattractive child, is love.' The dear girl had learnt well one of the divinest of lessons.

When my steps were led to that Home a few days ago, I was introduced to this noble girl and her little charge. Three weeks or so of loving care had already wrought a wonderful change in the baby foster-child, and as I took her in my arms and she nestled in my bosom, I saw the promise of future loveliness in the little face, not to speak of the more important beauty of the heart. Then I thought of the vast possibilities of Indian maidenhood when under the ennobling influences of the Gospel of Christ.

Do all who aid in stretching out a Christly hand in succour to repulsive-looking famine waifs, who have nothing to recommend them to Christian love except their misery, realize all the possibilities—aye and the probabilities—aye and the certainties, of such action to the kingdom of God? Some of us were once in a worse case than these dear children. We had nothing in ourselves to recommend us to God. Repulsive within; so far as attractiveness was concerned, he might well have despised and abandoned us; but 'herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.'

And what conclusion does the apostolic writer, under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, draw therefrom? 'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.' As God in Christ loved the loveless, so let us, thereby proving the reality of our discipleship, that 'as he is, so are we in this world.' In this solemn time of extraordinary calls upon our sympathy, what can we withhold from him who, for our sake, made the supreme sacrifice of himself? Cheerfully, as of high privilege, may we love, not in word, but 'in deed and in truth.'—A. S. D., in the 'Sentinel.'

The Bailiff and the Miller.

(George Warner, in the 'Christian Ambassador.')

We had an old local preacher by the name of Weaving. This old brother was the bailiff on the principal farm here, and was quite a favorite with his master. He was a genius in his way, and among other things, he extracted the troublesome teeth of the rustics of the neighborhood, and all the shillings went into the missionary box. As the superintendent opened the box, and counted the money, he made a rather wry face as he thought of the pain endured, but the old brother said, 'You need not make such a mouth; I hope I shall have the pleasure of drawing a few for you some day.'

I came for a week's services here and in the neighborhood, and a fine neighborhood it is—one where the trout play, and the nightingale sings. The farm where Weaving was bailiff is now in the occupation of an intelligent young couple. These are of famous lineage, the parents of each being among our very best friends in the south of England.

The mill is also occupied by an old friend, with whom I became acquainted about thirty years ago. When I first knew him he was foreman for a gentleman in a mill in Marlborough. The first Sabbath he was on the premises, a man was sent to set the mill going at six o'clock in the evening; but when he asked the foreman for the keys, he was told that he could not have them—the mill could not start until Monday came. Monday came, and the mill started, and pretty early in the day the master was there, and wanted to know of the foreman which of the two was master, intimating that he could not have his orders countermanded. The foreman courteously admitted his pre-eminence, but quietly, yet firmly, told him that while he was upon the premises the mill could not go on Sunday, winding up with something like this: 'I have too much respect for you, sir, to allow this mill to strike a stroke on the Sabbath. I have known a good many millers between the Kennett's head and tail who have set their mills going on the Sabbath, and there is not one of them but has come to ruin. Of course, I can leave your service at your bidding, but while I am here the mill can do no work on Sunday. I have too much respect for you, sir, to allow it.' He was in that gentleman's service for about a quarter of a century.

I have reason to know that he was most highly respected, and I believe the master never gave him any orders afterwards. He had his own way on Sundays, on week-days also, and now he has a business of his own.

How a Man Got to the Sea-Coast by Prayer.

A London bricklayer was stricken with facial paralysis. Rest was ordered; work had to be given up, and he was compelled to stay home, dependent on the small amount laid by for the 'rainy day' and the sympathy of a true, God-fearing wife. Three months passed; every remedy had been tried, with but little improvement in my relative's face, although he was bodily stronger and able to start work. Then the doctor said two or three months' thorough change to a bracing sea-coast was the only means left for recovery. It seemed an impossible suggestion; money could ill be spared. What was to become of the home during those two months? But that God-fearing wife had cast her burden on One who is always more ready to hear than we to pray, and her earnest, heartfelt cry for help for her loved one was heard. Early the next morning a knock at the door announced a gentleman, who inquired if 'Mr. H. could undertake to build him a house at once on the rugged east coast of Norfolk.' Mr. H. was too overcome to reply, for well he knew how prayer had been answered. Only too thankful for what Divine Providence had sent, the offer was gratefully accepted. Money was advanced to defray expenses; in fact, everything provided to make the way plain. By midday he was well on his way to Norfolk, and for three months he worked there, each week able to send support to the little home far away, and each week finding himself nearer recovery. So does God always answer prayer, and in his own good time he worketh all things for our good.—'Christian Herald.'

The Anthem of the Sea.

With the sound of many waters rolls the anthem of the sea
And its myriad voices mingle in a ceaseless harmony;
But the measure of its music, as the rhythm of its song,
Far transcendeth all the knowledge that to sons of men belong.

Now it plays a merry quickstep on the shingle-bottom bay,
And it ripples o'er the shallows where the silver minnows play;
And sweet lullabies to slumber wander o'er the summer seas,
When the south winds softly linger o'er the dreamy minor keys.

Now it sounds the solemn measure of a requiem for the dead,
And the long sweep of the billows, with their muffled thunder tread,
March beneath the trailing banners of the misty clouds that weep
O'er the nameless graves unnumbered in the caverns of the deep.

Then the mighty diapason makes its thunder tones arise
Till their echoes shake the mountains, and their swelling rends the skies;
While the wild encore rolls downwards from the hills of many lands,
And the heavens bend low to listen, and the forests clap their hands.

O ye wild tumultuous voices that we cannot understand,
Nor grasp the wide completeness of a harmony so grand,
Nature's Hallelujah Chorus! through the cycles of the years
Rolling ever on to mingle with the music of the spheres.

—George Taylor, in 'Sailors' Magazine.'

The Last Message of Dr. A. J. Gordon to his Church.

Forget not that your first and principal business as a disciple of Christ is to give the gospel to those who have it not. He who is not a missionary Christian will be a missing Christian when the great day comes for bestowing the rewards of service. Therefore, ask yourself daily what the Lord would have you do in connection with the work of carrying the news of salvation to the perishing millions. Search carefully whether he would have you go yourself to the heathen, if you have the youth and fitness required for the work. Or, if you cannot go in person, inquire diligently what blood mortgage there is upon your property in the interest of foreign missions—how much you owe to Christ for redeeming you with his precious blood. I warn you that it will go hard with you when your Lord comes to reckon with you if he finds your wealth invested in superfluous luxuries or hoarded up in needless accumulations instead of being sacredly devoted to giving the gospel to the lost.—'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Christmas Club.

(Mariana Tallman, in the 'Morning Star.')

The curtains were drawn in the cozy sitting-room, and a bright fire glowed in the open-grate stove, before which, two lads, lazily recumbent on the bear-skin rug which Western brother Jack had sent home as a trophy, were engaged in watching a row of slowly roasting chestnuts. Beside the shaded lamp at the centre table sat Eleanor, elder sister of the household, busy with some Chrismas fancy-work; and in the corner, carefully sheltered from the strong light and warmth, was the couch where lay the pale-faced and petted little invalid Grace, her friend and her next-door neighbor, Fanny, on a low hassock beside her, recounting the day's doings.

'I wish you would tell me once more, Grace,' began Eleanor, with a perplexed face, 'how you make these Puritan hoods.'

'Why, you get a skein each of any two colors you want—Shetland floss? yes, that is all right—and big wooden needles. You cast on a hundred stitches, and knit plain as far as it fits nicely over the head; then separate it, and knit half at a time, till it's as long as you want it, then go back and knit the other half. Make the inside the same way, and gather the top ends together and finish with ribbon bows.'

'But I don't see,' continued Eleanor, still preplexed, 'what becomes of the fifty stitches you don't knit while you're knitting the others?'

'You don't do anything with them,' laughed Grace. 'They just stay on your needle; they won't bother any, you'll see.'

'Dear me,' sighed Fanny, leaving her lowly seat and drawing near to survey the soft cloud of blue wool that lay before Eleanor, 'are you at your Christmas work so soon? How do you manage to put your mind on it? I never can get into the spirit of it until just about Christmas week, when the papers and magazines are full of lovely Christmas stories, and the streets are crowded with shoppers, all looking so genial and benevolent. Then I feel all sorts of generous impulses stirring within me; and I think of charming gifts I might make for these friends or buy for those, if I only had time and money. I think Christmas is a beautiful time if it only lasted longer; but you don't feel real good and Christmasy only about three days.'

'You ought to take time by the forelock, as I do,' abstractedly murmured Eleanor, counting stitches.

'We can't,' quoth Sidney from the fireside. 'It's just as Fan says. How are you going at Christmas work before you've as much as sniffed Thanksgiving pies and turkey?'

'Might pass round some squash pie and cranberry sauce,' suggested Fanny's brother Walter, carefully cutting crosses in a fresh supply of chestnuts, to prevent their exploding in the ruddy heat. 'Perhaps they would inspire us.'

'Why don't you organize a Christmas club?' suggested the gentle mother, who had entered in time to hear the discussion. 'You are such a bright lot of children, your school work doesn't seem to occupy your evenings often. Perhaps you would find stimulus in numbers.'

'Oh, yes, do, do!' cried Grace from the sofa. 'And meet here every single time, then I can always come to it.'

'We should, of course, child,' said Fanny with an affectionate pat of the white little hand. 'You don't suppose we would have any holiday fun that left you out?'

'I'm willing enough,' said Walter thoughtfully tasting a chestnut, 'but Sidney and I are neither of us experts at knitting, and—'

'Oh, I've thought of a use for you,' nodded Eleanor, over her dainty work. 'A boy that does such exquisite carving on wood as you do, need never be at a loss for Christmas gift-making. And you and Sidney just wait until our first meeting to see what else I've in store for you.'

'All right, mysterious one,' assented Walter. 'Here, Sidney, just pass round these hot chestnuts, will you, and inform the partakers that to prevent indigestion, they should be taken "cum grano salis." Fanny, my dear, I hope you now see the benefit to be derived from a knowledge of Latin.'

'A sight of the salt-shaker would have answered just as well,' said Fanny, composedly, liberally helping herself. 'And now, when shall we begin? the sooner the better, I think.'

'Say to-morrow night, then,' Eleanor proposed. 'Bring what materials for work you have, and all the pocket-money you can spare, and we'll see what can be done.'

'Then I must go straight home,' declared Fanny jumping up. 'An essay is due on Monday that I don't propose to write Sunday, and as I have it nicely started, I may as well finish it this evening. Here, Gracie dear, eat the rest of my chestnuts while they are nice and warm. They won't hurt her, will they, Mrs. Norton? here there, open your mouth, dear. Walter, are you coming too?'

'Yes, I suppose I may as well, since we are to be out to-morrow evening. Good-night, everybody, and expect us the first thing after tea;' and the door closed upon their departed footsteps.

Saturday was a busy day for Grace and Eleanor; for though Grace's field of labor was bounded by her sofa, she was industriously at work among a big heap of various shaped volumes piled about her on chairs that Eleanor had drawn near,—putting in from time to time mysterious book-marks with satisfied little nods. As for Eleanor, she was pounding and hammering and arranging till dusk, and shut the door at last upon her efforts with a sigh of satisfaction.

'Don't let mother and Sidney in under any pretext, will you, Gracie?' she paused to say, 'I want you all to enter our new atmosphere at once.' And Gracie promised.

As good as their word, the young people next door appeared promptly upon the scene at seven o'clock; and ushered by Eleanor, the five advanced to the lighted sitting-room, where Grace lay expectantly waiting.

What transformation was this which a few short hours had wrought! A Christmasy scent was in the air,—the mingled sweet fragrance of pine and fir and hemlock, from great green boughs that stood in urns on either side the fireplace; over the door was the dear old motto of last Christmas in sparkling letters of frosty white, 'On earth peace, goodwill toward men;' and from the music-box came the silvery tinkling notes of 'God rest ye, merry gentlemen.'

The whole party uttered a delighted cry, and Grace clapped her hands in triumph. 'Isn't it lovely? I knew you'd like it,' she said. 'Now everybody must get to work, and when you are all nicely settled, Walter is to read Dickens's dear "Christmas Carol" to us, and all about horrid old Scrooge and Tiny Tim and everybody.'

'My, isn't this festive!' exclaimed Fanny, with an appreciative sniff. 'Eleanor, I feel my heart expanding already—I wish I'd brought another dime!'

'It is never too late to mend,' quoted Eleanor laughingly. 'Now, if you'll all sit down—here, mother, take this easy-chair—I'll tell you my plans. First, let us buy or make all the gifts for our especial friends—those whom we have planned for. Let us be on the watch to find out, if we can, what are the things they would especially like: that is, if they come within our means. Don't let's give anything just for the sake of giving. I mean, and make gifts that won't be appreciated for anything but the donor's good intentions. And above all, don't let us "economize" by making presents instead of buying them, and paying more for materials than something real useful and pretty would cost, that we might have selected elsewhere at half the trouble and expense.'

'Yes, you are right there, Eleanor,' seconded Fanny, who was already busying her fingers with a dainty crochet edging. 'I remember an unfortunate tidy that cost me two dollars before I got through with it, that I made for a friend of mine, and I found out afterward there was a lovely oleograph after Harlow—a twilight in the woods—that she wanted awfully, and it only cost a dollar. How provoked I was!'

'Yes,' chimbed in Gracie, 'and Dora Kilburn said she did hope nobody would send her cards this year. You know she sells Christmas cards all through the holidays, and she says she is just surfeited with the sight of them. She had a half dozen very elaborate ones sent her last year, and she says she has a good mind to put them on the counters and sell them; there are so many little things she wants so much.'

'Let's put a notice "No cards" in the paper,' suggested Walter.

'We won't buy any, at any rate,' said Mrs. Norton; 'though there are some beauties this season, I admit. Well, what next, Eleanor?'

'Next, after all this is decided, and we've got fairly at work manufacturing and selecting and watching opportunities, let us put all our spare spending-money together, and spend what remaining evenings we have in knitting mittens.'

'Mittens?' chorused everybody.

Eleanor nodded, laughing, 'For Gracie's merry Christmas while we're gadding about the streets inhaling the Christmas spirit.'

'Why, I don't need mittens, Eleanor,' said Grace, bewildered.

'I know it, dear. I wish you did—or had a use for them rather. What you are to do after we get them done, is to sit by the window in your coziest chair and watch for mittenless youngsters, and astonish them by plumping a pair down on to their noses.'

'Oh, what fun, Eleanor! really?'

'If you all like it, I'm quite in earnest.'

And everybody gave enthusiastic assent.

'But suppose some real poor children came by that had mittens,—they might happen to, your know, and yet be awfully poor,—I'd like to give them somethng too. Shoes would cost too much, wouldn't they?' hazarded Gracie, doubtfully, quite fired with the spirit of playing fairy godmother to limitless protegés.

'I'm afraid they would, chicken. I'll think up something else for you, meanwhile. Now, if we're all provided with something for this evening, let's set to work, while Sidney gets us to feeling charitable and generous by reading us the "Carol;" and then, when we are tired of working, we'll carol ourselves. Gracie has hunted up a lot of Christmas music.'

How that club did flourish, to be sure! how punctually it assembled, how diligently it labored, and how reluctantly it disbanded, night after night! Every now and then somebody came in with reports of delightful bar-

gains to be found in such and such stores, just the thing for this friend or that; and all the while the home-made gifts grew apace, and mittens multiplied. Fanny declared that Gracie was getting fat and rosy with so much happy excitement; and everybody was quite convinced that Christmas itself couldn't be half as nice as this month of merry preparation. But Christmas week came at last, and Eleanor had issued orders for the last night's employment,—mysterious orders that no one but herself understood. Sidney was to furnish English walnuts; Walter, dates; Fanny, almonds; Mrs. Norton, confectioner's sugar, and she herself, eggs, water and experience, she announced.

Everybody was on the 'qui vive,' and promptly on hand, you may be sure; rather regretfully, too, for the next night would be Christmas Eve, and all this fun over.

'I am going to teach you to make French candies,' announced Eleanor to the assembled six, 'and we are to fill all these little pasteboard boxes that I have been away down town to buy; and Gracie, from her seat of state, is to bestow them on the deserving or undeserving poor, at her discretion.

'Oh, Eleanor, you're just lovely!' cried Gracie; while Mrs. Norton began doubtfully, 'I'm not sure about the range fire, Eleanor'—

'Oh, we don't need any fire, mother,' said Eleanor. 'We simply break the white of an egg into a tumbler, pour it out and put in an equal amount of water, unite the two and add confectioner's sugar till the mixture is stiff enough to handle. That is the foundation. Then we put some between the two halves of English walnuts for one kind, fill the cavities in dates with it for another, build up little balls of it around almonds for a third, and flavor with vanilla or rose and mix in cocoanut for a fourth; and then roll the litle balls in granulated sugar for a sparkle. It's lovely work, and won't take us long. Come, everybody, to the kitchen.' And the fun began. How fascinating it was to see the cunning little sweetmeats grow so rapidly; and if now and then an almond ball or a cream date found its way into an appreciative mouth, why, there were enough and to spare; and Gracie, with a big lap-board before her, sorted out and filled the little candy boxes with loving hands. At last all was done and cleared away, and Mrs. Norton was led into the sitting-room to see the united efforts of the club set forth in brave array on the paino. There were dainty gifts of all sorts—bits of bright, quaint pottery, two or three treasures from the picture stores, a couple of Japanese lilies almost ready to bloom, books, and pretty and useful bric-a-brac, besides all the pretty home-made gifts that had grown out of these long and happy evenings.

'Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing for its place is best,'

quoted Sidney with satisfied approval. The fat little candy boxes sat here and there, wherever space was, and a host of 'black mittens and white, blue mittens and gray,' like the witches in Macbeth, awaited unconscious owners.

'You have been industrious indeed,' said Mrs. Norton, amazed.

'Ah, and just think of all our gifts to each other, too,' cried Fanny, 'that we've got snugly tucked away, and wouldn't exhibit here for anything. Oh, it's the nicest holiday time I ever had, and it's lasted weeks and weeks, but only think, the real Christmas won't begin for a whole day, after all.'

'I shan't miss you a bit to-morrow,' said Gracie complacently. 'You may all go away and stay all day if you want to, and the next day too. I am to sit by the window and bestow my mittens and candies.'

* * * * * * * *

'Well!' said mother, the day after Christmas, 'did it pay? Was your Christmas club worth while?'

'Indeed it was, Mother mine,' said Eleanor. 'We never had such fun before getting our gifts ready. Our Gracie, too, has been quite the fairy godmother, with her surprise gifts to forlorn little mites. We all mean to start the club again in good time next year.'

I'm Going to be a Man.

I'm going to be a man some day,
I'm going to be a man,
And if life's victories I would win,
And conquer self and conquer sin,
'Tis just the time now to begin,
If I'm going to be a man.

If I a place in the world would take,
When I get to be a man,
Like the heroes brave who in battle died,
Or men who are now their country's pride,
I must hold to the right, and in it abide,
When I get to be a man.

I must see that my armor's buckled on,
If I'm going to be a man,
I must keep my heart both pure and strong,
And give no place to the smallest wrong,
And this I'll take for my battle song,
'I'm going to be a man.'

For a coward now is a coward then,
And I'm going to be a man,
And bravery now is the thing for me,
Then all the world will plainly see,
What sort of a boy I used to be—
When I get to be a man.

—'Canadian Baptist.'

An African Story.

Lions in Africa are sometimes very bold. One day a mother left her little child out near the house to play, when a lion came along and took it up in his mouth and carried it off. As the babe had some clothes on, and the lion was as careful with its load as a cat with its kitten, his teeth did not hurt the child, and it was too young to be afraid.

Not long after the mother came out. She looked this way and that way, but it was nowhere to be found. At last she saw the fresh tracks of a lion. Then she knew what had become of her child. She ran toward where her husband was at work, and hallooed to him: 'My child is carried off by a lion! Hurry, hurry! I have found his tracks.'

The father followed the beast's tracks into the wilderness till they brought him to a jungle, in which he found the lion's den.

Softly he approached on tiptoe, with his gun cocked and pointed right before him, ready to fire the instant he saw the lion. Almost breathless he peered between the leaves and branches. There he was; but just as he was about to fire he saw his babe right in the lion's paws. Both were asleep, and he could not kill one without killing both.

'What shall I do?' he said to himself. 'I dare not fire; I dare not arouse the lion, and I dare not attempt to take my child.'

By this time his wife came up, all out of breath. The man beckoned to her to make no noise, but look in. It almost made her frantic; she nearly fainted. What could they do?

But women's wit's are often better and quicker than man's reasoning. She softly whispered: 'Go a little way off, and make a noise. I'll hide close by the den. When the lion is wakened by the noise he will get up to see what it is; then you make a little more noise, and he will leave the babe to find out what the noise means. Then I will steal into the den, and get the child.'

The husband knew he would do this at the peril of his life; but you know parents will do almost anything to save a child from peril. He was sure when the lion came toward him and should see him, he would spring on him. But he had his gun, and he was a very brave man; so he went softly into the brush, and made a noise.

Sure enough this wakened the lion, and he raised up his forefeet to see what it was. Then the man made a little more noise, and the lion came stealthily toward where the noise was. The man walked softly backward, to draw the lion on, so the mother could get into the den. Just as the lion was about to spring on him he fired. The lion dropped dead.

The woman had already stolen into the den and rescued the child. Now she rushed out and ran with it just as fast as she could toward home. The man skinned the lion, and followed her with a nice shaggy robe.—'African News.'

A Shield to Turn Away Wrath

(Annie A. Preston, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The following account of the humble beginning of a great industry shows the power of God's word upon the hearts and the actions of men:

An American skipper, master of a small sailing vessel, was walking along the streets of Liverpool some seventy-five years ago, or about the year 1825, when he came upon a sign painter, bending over an upset pot of vermillion and threatening in a loud angry voice to beat his trembling apprentice, who stood by, for his awkwardness.

Going up to the exasperated painter, the sailor said good naturedly, 'Listen to reason for a moment, while I ask you this. When there is so much wrath in the world, isn't it good that God has given us a shield to turn it away? But you will not listen. He is telling you that a dog upset the pot. The shield is, you know, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."'

'Who are you?' shouted the angry painter.

'A skipper from New York looking for a boy longing to seek his fortune in America, that I may give him a chance to work his passage across with me.'

'Here's one, take him and save me the trouble of beating him.'

The sailor smiled and held out his hand; the lad took it and they were lost in the throng of the busy business street.

'Guess you'll miss the boy,' said the bystanders. 'He told the truth, a dog did the mischief.' 'It's a good lad, he is, and his folks all dead, and he sent off across the great ocean like this, with a stranger.' 'Ah, you'd better go home and look in your Bible for: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."'

The painter did indeed miss the willing lad, and was compelled by loneliness and contrition to look in the Bible for the text. From the soft answer verse, he was led to read further until his heart became softened and he resolved to go to America and try to find the poor orphaned apprentice boy, to whom he had an unfulfilled obligation.

'It will be like seeking the needle in the hay stack,' said his neighbor when he made known his purpose.

'Yes, I am a lone man and there is no one to keep me here, and God knows the lad's

whereabouts and will guide me if I ask,' replied the painter, who as soon as he could make arrangements, set sail in his turn for America.

The God-fearing skipper meanwhile had taken the boy, to whom he had grown much attached during the long voyage, to his home, near the dock in New York City, where his wife kept a small eating house, and, procuring materials had set him to paint upon a thin board that he had fashioned in the form of a shield with his clasp knife, during his leisure on the way over, his favorite text: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' 'For,' said he, 'sometimes the seamen who come in for a meal, get to unbottling their vials of wrath here, and this may save many a broil; who can tell?'

When the shield was painted and lettered in a truly artistic manner and placed in the front window of the eating house, work came to the lad in plenty, and the good natured skipper fitted up a tiny shop for him, not much more than an entry way, to be sure, but with a door and window opening on the street, a small work bench was put in, and a shelf or two for his paints and brushes, and here he felt quite at home and kept diligently at work.

One day as he stood by his open window painting a swinging sign for a near-by shop, and wondering if he ought not to return to his master, take his undeserved beating and work out his time, he was astonished to hear a familiar voice say:

'Do your cakes and tarts rail at one another my good woman, that you have this soft answer text here?'

By that time the penitent Liverpool painter was most cordially greeted by his overjoyed apprentice, who invited the astonished stranger into his own shop and offered him a share in the business.

The master and apprentice, both much moved at the wonderful way in which they had been led, took the Christian skipper into their counsels and the outcome was a partnership that grew into a large business.

Of the original name of the firm which for some time had its headquarters in the little room opening out of the eating house, I am not sure, the name making less impression upon me than the story, but I have seen it many times.

Many older readers will remember when large gaily painted carts that were really dry goods emporiums, traversed the country side, satisfying the needs of the farmers' wives and daughters as fully as a visit to Lord & Taylor's, New York City, now would do, and they will remember when the railways came, the gaily decorated locomotive tenders and the passenger cars, upon all of which the ground work of the design was a shield. Stage coaches also bore these same elaborate golden shields, for the ground work upon which were painted landscapes, or fruit, or flowers. Sometimes portraits or pictures of animals.

Later the work and the patterns of this original firm went all over the country, suggesting to thousands the shield of the soft answer, and also the shield of salvation.

In those days the country was not flooded with literature—religious, or of any description—as it is now, and stories were passed from lip to lip, until they became the legends of the country side, a few of which are still remembered and like this one may be deemed worthy of being again put in circulation, carrying a wholesome influence to the youth of our land.

The writer has often thought that the Endeavor pledge, printed upon a shield to be hung in the place of meeting might be doubly suggestive. It would certainly be to those who know this wholesome little story.

The Golden Time.

When is the golden time? you ask—the golden time of love,
The time when earth is green beneath and skies are blue above:
The time for sturdy health and strength, the time for happy play,
When is the golden hour? you ask—I answer you, 'To-day.'

To-day, that from the Maker's hands slips on the great world sea
As staunch as ever ship that launched to sail eternally;
To-day, that waits for you and me a breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, glad and large and free, it is the golden time.

For yesterday hath veiled her face and gone as far away
As sands that swept the pyramids in Egypt's ancient day.
No man shall look on yesterday, or tryst with her again;
Forever gone her toils, her prayers, her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold, may never come to bless
Or blight our lives with weal or ill, with gladness or distress.
No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand, nor catch her on the way;
For when we reach to-morrow's land, she'll be by then to-day.

You ask me for the golden time; I bid you 'seize the hour,'
And fill it full of earnest work, while yet you have the power.
To-day the golden time for peace, for righting household eaves;
To-day, the royal time for work, for 'bringing in the sheaves.'

To-day the gold time for peace, for righting olden feuds,
For sending forth from every heart whatever sin intrudes.
To-day, the time to consecrate your life to God above;
To-day, the time to banish hate, the golden time for love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Welsh Mountain Sheep.

Someone is reported in a later number of the 'Country Gentleman' as interested in this practically unknown breed. As information is not very abundant in regard to this really valuable sheep, in its own natural environments, I take the opportunity of saying what I know of it, as I have seen and learned of it in its native mountain home. This is on the Welsh Mountains, and, so far as I know, nowhere else in the world. There are two kinds of these Welsh sheep—one is the strictly mountain variety, the other a lowland sheep, and really the Welsh sheep.

The former is commonly taken as the actual Welsh type, but wrongly so, for that noted manufacture, the Welsh flannel, the finest kind of this special fabric that is made in the world, is the product of the lowland Welsh sheep. This is called the soft-wooled sheep, and it is small, making scarcely ever more than eight pounds to the quarter, dressed, while the mountain sheep is a thin, long-legged animal, with a carcass making no more than five pounds to the quarter, and having a fleece sometimes wholly of a brown or black, or otherwise a mixed color approaching a gray.

This kind is mostly known for its mutton, it being specially flavored by the foods consumed, which are the varied products of the highest parts of mountains, the picturesque Snowdon being the most noted for its flocks of this special sheep. This mountain is wholly exposed to the sweeping storms which blow from the Irish Sea, and I have seen the sheep swept like snowflakes (as my companions and myself lay down on the rocks holding fast to the crags and small bushes) by the violent gusts, and rolled like balls of wool over the cliffs, down the precipices into the valley below, where, of course, they were dashed into shapeless pieces.

I know of no locality on this side of the ocean, except the Rocky Mountains, where similar conditions prevail, or where the mountains yield any similar pasture so that by its accumulation here, this sheep would soon, if not at once, lose its special qualities which give its high value as mutton. Its fleece is of little value, and thus it could have no very special use or worth in this country.

The other sheep, the soft-wooled, as it is called, is better worth notice for its fleece, which consists of a short, soft, elastic wool, which is spun and woven by the farmers' wives and daughters into the finest blankets in the world, and a fine, soft flannel which goes, and is commonly know only by this name, as Welsh flannel, but is mostly made up into common hooded cloaks, worn by the Welsh women, irrespective of condition.

This habit, in both the meanings of the word, has been special to these people for many years, and it is related in the history of this peculiar region and people that in one of the wars that took place between France and England, a French fleet attempted a landing on the Welsh coast, but as the women gathered in crowds to see the ships, the French officers thought them to be the red-coated British officers, and immediately got up their anchors and fled to sea.

For these reasons, and others very closely related to them or directly growing out of them, it seems that the introduction of this sheep is scarcely a promising enterprise. It may do as a curiosity, and in a small way in large cities to supply Welsh mutton to a few special persons who know of its excellent qualities; but it is very questionable if these could be preserved in this part of the world, under our specially different conditions of climate and pasturage.

It should, however, be said that this very interesting principality—Wales—is not without other kinds of sheep, for in the lowlands there are fine, fertile farms, managed on as good a system as the best prevailing in any part of Great Britain, but there these special kinds of sheep, which are the Welsh strictly, have given way to most of the best of the English breeds, especially those of the adjoining county, Shropshire, and the Cheviot, this latter being especially prosperous on the rich pastures of the lowlands. But these are not Welsh sheep, there being only these kinds here described which go as Welsh sheep or are really such.—Henry Stewart, in the 'Country Gentleman.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Royal Heart.

(Will H. Ogilvie, in 'Spectator.')

Ragged, uncomely, and old and gray,
A woman walked in a Northern town,
And through the crowd as she wound her way
One saw her loiter and then stoop down,
Putting something away in her old torn gown.

'You are hiding a jewel!' the watcher said.
(Ah, that was her 'heart'—had the truth been read:)
'What have you stolen?' he asked again.
Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden pain,
And under the flickering light of the gas
She showed him her gleaming. 'It's broken glass,'
She said, 'I hae lifted it up frae the street
To be oot o' the road o' the bairnies' feet!
Under the fluttering rags astir
That was a royal heart that beat!
Would that the world had more like her,
Smoothing the road for its bairnies' feet!
—'Spectator.'

Nagatason, Maker of Cloisonne

(Mrs. W. D. Tillotson, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Situated on Owari Bay, on the east coast of Japan, lies the thriving little city of Nagoya, noted among other things for being the home of Nagatason, the great maker of cloisonne ware. His little factory is built under the shadow of the ancient castle of the proud house of the Prince Owari. His ancestors had been for years, during the reign of feudalism, the trusted retainers of the great prince, and as Nagatason looked across the way and saw the place occupied by soldiers of His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, his thoughts went back to the time when he dwelt within those high stone walls and he envied them their possession.

The castle looks now much as it did then. White towers rise above the inner stone wall, while the five-storied turret within frowns down as stern and unapproachable as of yore, and the golden grampus gleams from its top as brightly now as when it watched over the destiny of the lord of the castle.

In Japan, a servant lives in the reflected glory of his master, and as the aged man's eyes sought the old moat and castle, the lines of pride that are always to be seen around the mouth deepened, his head was held high and his bent and trembling form became, in his fancy at least, as strong and alert as in the days of his youth and strength, when his keen-edged sword had saved the life of his master.

But soon the light of pride went from his eye and the face, but a moment before serene and quiet, was drawn to an agony of suffering and hate.

He was thinking of the dark and awful day, when an enemy, once his friend, slandered him to his master and would have poisoned his mind against him. Failing in this he had fled, but Nagatason watched night and day for his coming, and from that day to this his sword, upon whose hilt the crest of the house of Owari was engraved, never left his side. Some day, some day, he would come, and then—. Oh, how eagerly his hand grasped his sword.

At this moment his musings were interrupted by a light step, a gentle voice, and he saw before him his daughter Omison. A sweet and pretty picture she made as she left her sandels at the door and came to her father.

She did not kiss him, as that is a luxury of which the Japanese are so entirely ignorant that there is no word in their language to express it.

The writer once asked her amah the word for kiss in Japanese, and received the reply: 'Japanese, no got; Japanese, no do.' One can hardly realize that the mother never, never kisses her baby, although she loves it dearly.

Omison's hair dresser had just gone, and her heavy black hair glistened with oil, and as it was cherry blossom time a sprig of the flowers was stuck daintily in the quaint puff on the top of her head. Her kimona was of blue crepe, with white storks flying across it, and her huge obi (sash) was of handsome silk brocade. Both her father and herself wore, as their right, the crest of the House of Owari in five places, on the kimona, upon the back between the shoulders, on each of the sleeves and upon each lapel.

But although Nagatason loved his daughter and was proud of her beauty and grace, there was one thing that troubled him very much. As his wife, Otetson, had died when Omison was a baby, he was left with no son in his old age and he feared that this secret of the manufacture of his superior cloisonne that had been handed down to him from his father, and to him from his father, would be lost and his name would die with him. Following a common custom under such circumstances, he determined to select the best and most trustworthy of his workmen from his shop, adopt him as his son, give him his name and tell him the secret.

Finally, after earnest watchfulness, he selected one Yoshe, who had served under him five years and was the most faithful and efficient of all those that sat in rows on the floor of the factory and received the cloisonne vases from the oven, where the enamel had been hardened and with water and sand scoured into smooth and glistening brilliancy —these things of beauty were Nagatason's joy and life.

So it came to pass that Yoshe was taken into this happy household of Nagatason as his son and learned from him the secret which so many would have given their all to possess.

It brought Yoshe another pleasure, for he often looked with yearning eyes upon Omison as she came to the factory to see a new kiln of the precious ware opened. He had seen her sit beside her feeble father, watching the pieces as they came one by one from the firing and heard her scream with exultant joy as a perfect specimen, smooth and unblemished, with its colors rich and true, was held up before them or echo the old artist's groan when a marred or broken vase was taken out.

Japanese girls marry early, but Omison was sixteen and still unmarried, for her father had refused all offers for her, as he had found no one worthy of his lovely child. But he was old and she must not be left alone, so one evening, not long after Yoshe came into the house, he called his children to him and told them the wish of his heart was to see them married before he should die. As I have already said, Yoshe had long loved pretty Omison, consequently the matter was very quietly arranged, as Omison had, like all her Japanese sisters, been taught to leave destiny in the hands of her father and had no thought but to obey.

She did make the request, however, which was readily granted, that the marriage was not to take place until the autumn, when Omison's favorite flower, the chrysanthemum, would be in bloom.

This question settled, the face of the father suddenly changed and there came the old look of hate as in vengeful tone he told the story of his wrongs, and said: 'Some time he will come, some time we will meet him and then, my children,' and again his hand met his sword.

They often talked of it after this, as they sat in the evening on the front door step, and the oath to slay the father's enemy was always renewed. But the all-wise Father, who watches over the destinies of even the heathen, willed it otherwise, and let us see to how beneficent a purpose.

Many visitors came to the cloisonne factory, and one day a party of missionaries from the mission school not far away, came to see the beautiful ware and watch the process of its manufacture.

Among them was Miss Elliott, bright, energetic and enthusiastic. She espied Omison, and after talking to her in a way that won her confidence, asked her to come to the mission school.

This Omison did, and there learned the story of him who loved us even unto death. She was also told that his great love made him to forgive even the enemies that put him to death. Of course her father and Yoshe heard of this, and after a great deal of coaxing and pleading they consented to go with Omison to the church.

As the preacher spoke of God's love and forgiveness, earnestly and lovingly, with the voice of one bearing a message from above, new and strange feelings fought for mastery in the old man's heart, and when the missionary said: 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' the old heathen shook his head incredulously and looked at Omison, in whose eyes the tears twinkled, thought, 'Would he give her that another might live? Oh, no!' and the shadow of doubt grew darker.

Service over they walked slowly homeward, but it was plain that all were disturbed in mind. Finally Omison said:

'Father, do you believe what you heard today?'

'No, no,' he said, almost fiercely. 'No one could be so good.'

The next day Miss Elliott came to see them and tried to win them to Jesus. The task seemed beyond her, but the text, 'My grace is sufficient for hee,' gave her courage, and patiently and persistently she told them of God's love to us and that if one would love him one must love even his enemies.

But again the old man cried, 'No, no, I cannot do it.'

The heart of the sweet and gentle Omison, however, was more fertile soil and the good seed sprang up quickly and bore fruit, even to a hundred fold, and it was not long before she stood up in the mission church and told them that Jesus in his love had saved even her.

After a time Yoshe, too, through her faithful and prayerful teaching came to know and love her Saviour. The father alone was silent and could not believe.

Omison went in her grief to the mission teacher and asked her to pray that her father might yet be a Christian.

'If he would be a Christian before my wedding day, how happy I would be. God says he will answer our prayers, so why does he not answer mine?'

'Have faith,' said Miss Elliott, 'and believe that God does all things well,' so together they kneeled down in Miss Elliott's little room, and touching and beautiful was Omison's prayer, as she prayed to the true and

loving God in the soft, musical tongue of her fathers.

That evening, as she arrived home, she found her father ill, and so rapidly did he fail that at the end of the third day he was dying; then how earnestly Omison prayed.

Miss Elliott was also at his bedside and told him the story of Jesus as his Redeemer as she had never spoken before, and light finally came to the dying man, and as the sun was leaving its parting rays upon the white turret and the golden grampus of the castle of his beloved master of old, he found in God his more exceeding great and beloved Master.

A light beyond the light of the sun shone in his eyes and brightened his face as he murmured: 'For God so loved the world.' Then he whispered to his child, 'Put away the sword.'

He sank into a peaceful sleep, and as the watchers left for a moment, a gaunt, ragged and forlorn beggar appeared in the doorway and Nagatason awakening, looked into the face of his enemy. He had come at last, but not with his sword, and he cried out: 'Kill me, kill me, I am weary of life. I can be a hunted beast no longer.'

For an instant came the old look of hate, and then Nagatason's face was radiant with the tender, forgiving look of him who prayed, 'Father, forgive them,' and he put his hand in the hand of his enemy. In that moment his soul sped away to him who loved and gave his life for him.

The Ruling Passion Strong.

'Old Adam Forepaugh,' said a friend of the veteran showman, 'once had a big white parrot that had learned to say: "One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time—don't crush."

'The bird had, of course, acquired this sentence from the ticket-taker of the show. Well, one day the parrot got lost in the country, and Forepaugh leaped into his buggy and started out post-haste to hunt for it.

'People here and there who had seen the parrot directed him in his quest, and finally, as he was driving by a cornfield, he was overjoyed to hear a familiar voice.

'He got out and entered the field, and found the parrot in the middle of a flock of crows that had pecked him till he was almost featherless. As the crows bit and nipped away, the parrot, lying on his side, repeated over and over: "One at a time, gentleman—one at a time—don't crush."'—Selected.

Two Kinds of Reading.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard someone say, 'That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?'

'No,' was the reply; 'his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else.'

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

'Will you read a good book if I let you have one?'

'Yes, sir.'

'It will be hard work for you.'

'I will do it.'

'Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book.'

He went with him, and received the volume that the man selected.

'There,' said the man, 'read that, and come and tell me what you have read.'

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friends about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books, and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.—'League Journal.'

Giving Money Away.

The first week of the competition the prize winners sent us altogether only $22.85

And they received as commission	$18.03
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$33.03

Another week in the competition the two prize winners sent us altogether only $8.85.

And they received as commission	$1.86
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$16.86

The lists sent in are wofully small as yet. This is bad for us, but it makes it all the more easy for you to win the prizes.

Why don't you try. Even if you live in a small village you could easily beat the **largest** list yet. Remember, that one week the first prize was secured by a list that amounted to only $6.00. All the prizes so far, except one, have been secured by those living in villages.

We are giving these cash prizes, one of $10 and one of $5, every week until Christmas, in **addition** to our very liberal commissions, which alone are enough to make canvassing for the 'Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' a very profitable occupation for your spare time.

Besides, there is that prize of $200 coming next spring to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (except Sunday-School clubs for 'Northern Messenger') before that date. Everything you send in now counts towards that prize, besides giving you the chance of one of the weekly prizes.

Try your neighbors. They will appreciate our publications as much as you do.

The following are the successful competitors in the gold competition for the week ending November 12th.

First Prize—$10.00 to Ernest N. Campbell, Ontario, who sends $12.78 (net) worth of subscriptions and earns $7.65 commission, making $17.65 profit on his week's work.

Second Prize—$5.00 to Miss M. Minto, Ontario, who sends $11.90 (net) worth of subscriptions and earns $6.30 commission, making $11.30 profit for her week's work.

The lists must be marked "Gold Competition."

These Prizes are despatched each Monday.

A TEXT FOR COLORING.

Why the Duchess Tossed Lilian.

(By Lucy A. Yendes, in the 'Presbyterian.')

'Lem me give 'em some grass,' said Lilian to Uncle Tom, as he pulled up and handed some to each of the 'bovine beauties,' as he called the cows at Bay Back Farm, standing by the fence that separated the garden from the orchard.

'All right. Do,' and Uncle Tom stood aside while his pet niece, came nearer to the opening in the fence, through which the clover tops, timothy, etc., had to be poked, when anyone wanted to give the cows a specially tempting tid-bit, the grass in the orchard having become both short and dry.

Now, had Lilian been satisfied to do just that and nothing more, all would have been well; for the cows were generally gentle, well-behaved creatures, who responded to every kindness even if they did—and with almost human intelligence—resent the opposite treatment.

But Lilian was like many another little girl—'and boy?' Yes, and grown person—who cannot be content to keep still, even for the sake of adding comfort or happiness to another; and although at first she began to 'pet' them, through the fence, in the kindest spirit, when she saw them toss their heads impatiently, lower their horns, or paw the ground with one of their hoofs, she was pleased at their annoyance, and repeated and added to her manifestations of love for them. At first she had only stroked their faces; and the effect of her little velvet-like hand must have been only to tickle, through their tough hides; and though I am sure that there were times when they would not have objected, that time was not while they were eating; but now she added various motions to her at first innocent ones, thrusting her hands through the fence, suddenly, and near their eyes, causing them to draw back in momentary fear, and doing other similar things.

Pretty soon Aunt Anna came along, drawing the baby in his carriage; seeing Lilian alone by the fence, for Uncle Tom had gone on about his work, she called out:

'Lollypop, what are you doing?'

'Oh, having lots of fun,' replied Lilian, or Lollypop, this being one of her pet names, in the family.

'You frighten the cows. It isn't kind—and besides they may hurt you.'

'Oh, pshaw! I don't do anything to 'em, but I like to see 'em dodge.'

'Well, turn about's fair play; and they may make you dodge.'

'They can't climb fences.'

Aunt Anna went on; and after a few minutes more Lilian quit her annoyances, but not until the Duchess, who was a very sensitive, nervous cow, a half-breed Jersey, had 'sized her up,' and determined to give her a lesson.

The next day, finding the cows in the same place, at about the same hour (cows, like ourselves, are partly creatures of habit), and Uncle Tom feeding them, Lilian again put her hand through the fence to rub down their faces.

'Don't, Lilian,' said Uncle Tom. 'They don't like it.'

'Yes, they do, it doesn't hurt.'

'Would you like to have some one do so to you, when you were eating?'

'I would if I was a cow.'

'You don't know that, but any way you'd better stop before you get into trouble'—which Lilian thought it well now to do.

But cows ruminate (just look up that word), and I have no doubt that the Duchess thought she could give Lilian an object lesson, later, and one that would carry conviction with it. So when a few days afterward, she saw Lilian leave her Aunt Anna, and get over into the

orchard to pick up some early appl. s. she quietly approached, and—bending her big head low—put her great horns under the little girl, lifting her much as a woman would with her arms, until Lilian was pretty well up in the air; then shook her a little (perhaps not very gently, but certainly not viciously), then dropped her on the grass as as much as to say: 'Now, we're even,' and, tossing head and tail, galloped away among the trees, fully as much frightened as either Lilian or her Aunt Anna.

Was Lilian hurt? Not a great deal; a little tender for a few days, where the hard horns pressed against the soft flesh; but the lesson was not lost, which the Duchess so thoroughly impressed upon her, and that was, 'Kindness to animals includes kindness at their meal time.'

Winding of the Clock.

See the key go round and round;
See the heavy weights ascend;
Thus the faithful clock is wound,
Thus it shall be to the end.

Half a hundred years ago
Father's father wound it so,
And the children stood and gazed,
As you stand—amused, amazed.

When another hundred years
Have gone by, perhaps, my dears,
Other little girls may stand
In your places, hand in hand,
Watching while their father then
Winds until the clock strikes 'ten.'
—T. Y., in 'Trained Motherhood.'

The Happiest Little Boy.

'Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?' asked father, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

'Oh, who, father?'

'But you must guess.'

'Well,' said Jim, slowly, 'it was a very rich little boy, with lots and lots of sweets and cakes.'

'No,' said father. 'He wasn't rich; he had no sweets and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?'

'He was a pretty big boy,' said Joe. 'and he was riding a big, high bicycle.'

'No,' said father. 'He wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his hat and carry it—one, two, three—oh, as many as six times! to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest.'

'Did the sheep say, 'Thank you!' father?' asked Jim, gravely.

'I didn't hear it,' answered father. 'But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping.'—'The Presbyterian.'

Ada's Victory.

(By Rose K., in 'The Canadian Baptist.')

(Continued.)

'Oh Ada, now don't be in such a hurry, dear,' said he teasingly.

Bad Temper immediately made his presence known. 'Strike him,' said Spite, and she did, and then stood looking first at Eddie, who had his hands clasped over his forehead, then at the beautiful plate which mamma prized so highly, lying broken into a dozen pieces, upon the floor.

'Oh, children!' exclaimed mamma, in alarm. 'Oh!' said Ada, in dismay; then she turned and ran upstairs to her room.

'Oh, dear, oh dear,' she moaned as she threw herself into a chair sobbing.

After a little while her grandmama, who, upon hearing the unusual noise in the kitchen, had gone to ascertain the cause of it, came and rapped at the door, and, receiving no reply, and hearing no sound, save Ada's sobs, open the door, and went quietly in, and found Ada sitting in her low rocking chair with her head lying upon her arms on the window sill. It was a very sad little face she lifted as grandmama laid her hand caressingly on her shoulder.

'Well, dearie?' said the gentle voice of the old lady, questioningly.

'Oh, grandmama, I have done such an awful thing! Such an awful thing for a Christian to do,' said Ada, between her sobs. 'I have broken mamma's pretty plate, and, oh, I might have killed Eddie!' she said in an awe-stricken voice.

Mrs. Smith drew a chair to Ada's side and seated herself upon it, then gently removed her head from the window-sill to her lap, and let her cry undisturbed for a few moments, then said, 'Hush, now, dearie, stop crying, and let us have a little talk about it.'

Ada was always sure of help and sympathy from grandmama, so she tried to check her sobs that she might listen to what she had to say. When she had become somewhat composed, as grandmama had not spoken yet, she asked, 'What am I to do about it, grandmama?' Grandmama smiled a little.

'What do you think you should do about it, Ada?' she asked in reply.

'I suppose I should ask mamma and Eddie to forgive me,' Ada replied.

'Yes, dear, you should do that,' said grandmama, and, she continued, after pausing a moment, with a far away look in her eyes, 'there is another thing which you should do also.'

Ada expected her to say she should save her pennies and buy another plate! but she was surprised to hear her say instead of that, 'You must kill that giant, Ada.'

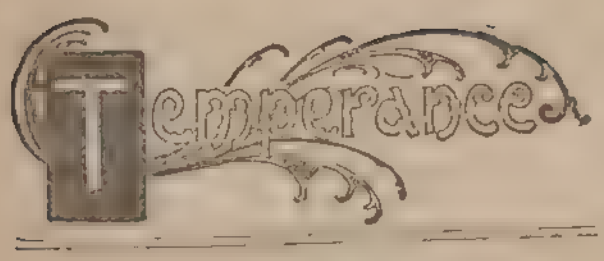
'What giant, grandmama?' asked Ada with wide open eyes.

'Mr. Bad Temper,' answered grandmama.' 'If you do not slay him, my child, he will spoil your life,' she added earnestly. Ada made no reply. 'Would you not like to be free from his control, Ada?' asked grandmama as she lovingly wound one of Ada's bright curls around her finger.

(To be continued.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.



For Future Happiness.

A RECITATION FOR A BOY.

It will not be nice to remember
In the years that may unto me come
That the time of my youth has been wasted
Through resorting to brandy or rum;
So I'll early be found in the temperance way,
And if tempted to drink I 'No, thank you!'
will say.

It will not be pleasant if memory
Show, too, in her mirror all bright,
How my home I have rendered unhappy,
And have cast o'er my loved ones a blight,
By thinking that pleasure doth lie in the cup,
So, howe'er it may shine, I will ne'er take it
up.

It will not bring peace to my conscience,
But a bitter and lasting regret,
If my duty to God and my neighbor
I through wine should omit or forget;
So, as happy I'd feel when I older shall be,
I will try to do right now I'm young and am
free.

It will bring me no health in the future
To nourish my body on ale,
But instead, the excess of the present
Would cause me the sooner to fail;
Therefore, now I'll begin to abstain from the
foe,
That ne'er, through my own habits, my
strength may lie low.

It will cheer me not in the death-valley
To know that the life God has given
Has been known as the life of a drunkard,
One who's lived for this earth and not
heaven;
Therefore, as I'd be sober when nearing death's
shore,
I the thing which makes drunkards will
touch never more.

—'The Temperance Leader.'

The Appetite for Strong Drink.

The strength of the appetite for strong drink is one of the things that amazes those who are in contact with this evil, and the extraordinary persistence and determination and resolution in the weakest souls of the appetite for strong drink. The crave seems to absorb into itself all their being, to be entangled with the very roots of their life, and the one thing with some people who are victims of that crave is the one thing that works their ruin. Now it follows from that, surely, that if we are going to deal with an evil so deep seated, an evil that has struck its roots so far into the very constitution of some natures, we must do it by extraordinarily powerful, and subtle, and far reaching forces of another kind. You cannot stop that by saying don't! You cannot do anything for it by law. You can do nothing for it unless you have the Gospel. You cannot cure that degeneration unless you appeal to something that regenerates, and we must count for our success on forces that are subtle and deep reaching. Our real strength is in the appeal we can make to God and the will of God for man, and on the way that we can bring the certainty and assurance of that in our words and life to those that suffer.—'Temperance Leader.'

An Honest Traveller.

A minister recently preached on a Sunday evening, in a distant city, on the 'Greed of Gold,' and in the course of his sermon condemned the liquor traffic.

Early the next morning there came into the minister's study a fine looking, intelligent man about forty years old. 'Is it better for a man to sell liquor or starve?' he asked.

This was his story:

He was the travelling representative for a large city firm. He had gone to the church with another commercial traveller on Sunday evening, and the minister's sermon had been an arrow from the quiver of God straight to his heart. He left the church, went back to the hotel, sent that very night a letter to the firm for which he was travelling, and whose remuneration for his services was generous, resigning his position, and saying that he could no longer conscientiously represent them.

'And,' said the manly man before he left the minister, 'last night I slept with a sense of peace and security, such as I have not enjoyed for years. I have no prospect for a new position, but upon this I am determined: I shall starve before I shall sell another drop of liquor. God help me!'

At noon the next day the minister was in conversation with one of the leading business men of the church, to whom he told this story. Immediately upon hearing it the merchant said:

'I am in need of just such a man.'

In less than twenty-four hours he was in an honorable position with a good salary, illustrating the words of Christ:

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'—'The Baptist Young People's Union.'

The Dangers of Alcohol.

The Belgian Academy of Medicine at its meeting of 1896 declared:

In modern society alcohol is in fact the most to be dreaded of all pathological agents. It poisons individuals by thousands and ruins generations. It saps the foundations of social prosperity—the power to work, the development of intelligence, the moral sense. . . We doctors and representatives of the medical profession, who see every day in private practice, in the hospitals, the asylums for the insane, the prisons, the lamentable victims of this great social poison: we, who are witnesses of the degeneracy which affects the progeny of alcoholics, cannot but protest very strongly against every law that touches alcohol otherwise than for the purpose of fighting it and raising a barrier against its great ravages.

A Marred Life.

In Washington a dozen years ago there lived a beautiful and spirited girl, the daughter of a distinguished soldier. Her wedding was a fashionable event. Everything seemed to give promise of a happy life—a loving husband, fond parents, many friends, money in plenty, and an assured social position.

But only recently this girl was admitted to Bellevue Hospital, broken in health, enfeebled in mind, meanly clothed, her beauty gone, as pathetic a wreck as ever drifted into charity's shore.

In the intervening years the father died of a broken heart, her husband procured a divorce, friend after friend fell away. The girl went upon the stage, and would have succeeded there but for one cause—the cause that has ruined herself and spread grief and shame among those who loved and did their utmost to save her.

Drink, of course—a passion for the poison which she could not, or would not, resist. With intelligence to understand perfectly the terrible consequences to herself of succumbing to the appetite, this woman yielded until it has become a fiendish master, not to be disobeyed. For the gratification of her appetite she has paid with all that makes life worth living, and to-day is a broken and hopeless outcast, capable of suffering the keenest misery, but incapable of self-restraint when the drink devil tempts her.

There is a temperance lesson for you. There is a warning to the young and heedless and pleasure-loving who play with this hell's fire, which can burn out everything that is manly in a man and womanly in a woman.—'New York Journal.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.25 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Land of 'Pretty Soon.'

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to
have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stored away there in that land somewhere—
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And, oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon;
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get
there—
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And ships that have sailed for its shining
strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is further at noon than it was at dawn,
And further at night than at noon.
Oh! let us beware of that land down there—
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

—Exchange.

Excuses and Answers.

Here are six paragraphs, containing samples of bodily ailments, to remedy which alcoholic drinks are resorted to by not a few people. The answers of the various doctors are as pointed as they are correct.

(Can be given as a reading, or by a little arrangement and understanding, as a dialogue.)

1. Mr. A.—I must have a drop because my blood is poor. Answer by Dr. Kerr—Alcohol injures the blood.

2. Mr. B.—I can't do without a little because I suffer from indigestion. Answer by Dr. Bowan—Alcohol retards digestion.

3. Mr. C.—I have had brain fever and I need alcohol. Answer by Sir Henry Thompson—Of all the people who cannot stand alcohol, it is the brain workers.

4. Mrs D.—I am rather nervous, and therefore I take a little. Answer by Dr. Brunton—The effect of alcohol upon the nervous system is to paralyze it.

5. Mr. E.—I suffer with my liver, so I take a little occasionally. Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol hardens the liver.

6. Mr. G.—I am weak and I need something to strengthen my muscles. Answer by Sir B. Richardson—The action of alcohol is to lessen the muscular power.—'The Wide Awake Temperance Reciter.'

Valuable Figures.

The report of the London Temperance Hospital for the year 1901 states that during the year 1299 in patients were admitted, being 17 more than in 1900. The cases cured were 877; relieved, 237; unrelieved, 78. The deaths were 107. During the twenty-eight years of the hospital's existence, of the 19,208 in patients admitted, 7,851 have been abstainers, and 8,206 non-abstainers—3,125 being unclassified, and that number includes children. In all, 11,249 cures have been effected. 5,659 patients have been relieved; 1,397 died; and 904 were reported as unrelieved.' Since the hospital was opened, in only 52 cases has it been found necessary to use alcohol.—'League Journal.'

A Distillery in Maine.

Buying too much molasses proved the undoing of a junk dealer at Portland, Me. He ordered sixteen barrels in Boston and suspicious revenue officers traced it to the basement of a house in the outskirts of the Maine city, where they found a fully-equipped distillery in successful operation. Arrests were made and the whole outfit was confiscated,—the still, the manufactured liquor, the raw material, the house, and even the land that it stood upon, as they had a right to do under the law. The desperation of the liquor business is strikingly shown by the importation of Moonshine methods into the very city where Sheriff Pearson made such a noble record.—'The Morning Star.'

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4.

Hezekiah Reopens the Temple

II. Chronicles xxix., 18-31.

Golden Text.

Them that honor me I will honor. I. Sam. ii., 30.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 28.—II. Chron. xxix., 18-36.
Tuesday, Nov. 29.—II. Chron. xxviii., 16-27.
Wednesday, Nov. 30.—II. Chron. xxix., 3-17.
Thursday, Dec. 1.—II. Chron. xxx., 1-12.
Friday, Dec. 2.—II. Chron. xxx., 13-27.
Saturday, Dec. 3.—II. Chron. xxxii., 9-22.
Sunday, Dec. 4.—II. Kings xx., 1-17.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

After King Joash, of whom we lately studied, his son Amaziah became King of Judah. He was an indifferently good man, serving God, 'but not with a perfect heart,' and died a tragic death. Uzziah, his son, followed, a good king at first, but one whose haughty spirit brought severe punishment upon him before he died.

Uzziah's reign was prosperous, however, and he was succeeded by his son Jotham, and Jotham was followed by his son Ahaz. The prosperity of the time of Uzziah, his grandfather, had not borne the fruits of godliness, for the faith and morals of the people had degenerated until, in the reign of Ahaz, matters reached such a state that the true religion seemed almost utterly lost, for the temple was closed and abominable superstition and even the sacrifice of children to the heathen deity Moloch found favor with the king and people.

During this terrible period, Isaiah, the faithful prophet, of whom we have been hearing in recent lessons, pressed the claims of God, but without outward success. But at last Hezekiah, the son of Ahaz, came to the throne, a good son of a bad father, by the way. The contrast between this father and son is very striking, for, whereas Ahaz brought the nation to a well nigh utterly godless state, Hezekiah was the best king Judah ever had.

'He trusted in the Lord God of Israel: so that after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him.' II. Kings xviii., 5.

Isaiah was yet to see better times in Judah, for Hezekiah began to restore the worship of God. In this lesson we have the account of the reopening of the temple.

THE PRIESTS MAKE A REPORT.

18. 'Then they went into Hezekiah the king, and said, We have cleansed all the house of the Lord, and the altar of burnt offering, with all the vessels thereof, and the shewbread table, with all the vessels thereof.

19. 'Moreover all the vessels, which King Ahaz in his reign did cast away in his transgression, have we prepared and sanctified, and behold, they are before the altar of the Lord.'

Hezekiah did not allow of any delay in the restoration of the temple, which had been closed and allowed to suffer from neglect as any unused building suffers. As soon as he came into power he called the priests and Levites together and addressed them on the matter, showing how the people had sinned, how they had forsaken the house of God, how filth had accumulated in the holy place, how sacrifice had ceased, and how God had been punishing the kingdom for all these things.

He commanded that the temple be cleansed and sanctified by the priests and Levites, who should also sanctify themselves. On the first day of the new year the work had begun and had occupied sixteen days. Then came the priests to report to the king. Not only had the work of cleansing been accomplished but the vessels of the temple that Ahaz had cast aside they restored. They had sanctified themselves, the temple, and its vessels, and now presented themselves to report the accomplishment of the royal command.

THE SIN OFFERING RESUMED.

20. 'Then Hezekiah the king rose early, and gathered the rulers of the city, and went up to the house of the Lord.

21. 'And they brought seven bullocks, and seven rams, and seven lambs, and seven he goats, for a sin offering for the kingdom, and for the sanctuary, and for Judah. And he commanded the priests the sons of Aaron to offer them on the altar of the Lord.

22. 'So they killed the bullocks, and the priests received the blood, and sprinkled it on the altar: likewise, when they had killed the rams, they sprinkled the blood upon the altar: they killed also the lambs, and they sprinkled the blood upon the altar.

23. 'And they brought forth the goats for the sin offering before the king and the congregation: and they laid their hands upon them:

24. 'And the priests killed them, and they made reconciliation with their blood upon the altar, to make atonement for all Israel: for the king commanded that burnt offering and sin offering should be made for all Israel.'

The restoration of the temple building was important, but it was only the outward preparation for the real reform. The filth had been removed and repairs had been made, and now the spiritual revival was to open.

Here is an important point. A soul is not saved merely by casting out evil habits and resolving to do what is right. These are but the outward beginnings. The heart must be changed and that means that the sinner must discard the old life and must cast himself upon the mercy of God through Christ, seeking pardon and a new heart. 'Ye must be born again,' said Christ.

You will see that these verses of our lesson describe the resumption of the sin offering, which is given in detail in Leviticus v. The old worship was being resumed, and it opened, very fittingly, with the sin offering, for if ever Israel stood in need of a reminder of her deep transgressions she now did. The nation was to start anew by reconciliation with God, the only reform that can be successful.

Notice that the priests made the 'atonement for all Israel,' not for Judah alone. The temple was the religious centre of the Jews, not for the southern kingdom only. The ten tribes had revolted, but, in God's sight, they were still a part of his people.

THE MUSICAL SERVICE.

25. 'And he set the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the commandment of David, and of Gad the King's seer, and Nathan the prophet: for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets.

26. 'And the Levites stood with the instruments of David, and the priests with the trumpets.

27. 'And Hezekiah commanded to offer burnt offerings upon the altar. And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David king of Israel.

28. 'And all the congregation worshipped, and the singers sang, and the trumpeters sounded: and all this continued until the burnt offering was finished.'

But the offering was not conducted in silence, and without any participation by the people present. Reconciliation with God is an occasion of great joy to the soul, and the great musical service arranged by David was also revived, that the sound of trumpets, of stringed instruments, and of the exultant and joyous voices of the people might raise with the smoke of the altar.

The service of song is a natural part of every religious gathering, and a means of uplifting the heart and putting it in a mood to reflect upon its relation with God, as well as of providing a means for expressing praise and thanksgiving. So the hearts of the people joined in the service and music and song went up from the multitude, while the priests were making the sin offering for the people.

OFFERINGS FROM THE PEOPLE.

29. 'And when they had made an end of offering, the king and all that were present with him, bowed themselves, and worshipped.

30. 'Moreover Hezekiah the king and the princes commanded the Levites to sing praise unto the Lord with the words of David, and of Asaph the seer. And they sang praises with gladness, and they bowed their heads and worshipped.

31. 'Then Hezekiah answered and said, Now ye have consecrated yourselves unto the Lord, come near and bring sacrifices and thankofferings into the house of the Lord. And the congregation brought in sacrifices and thank offerings: and as many as were of a free heart brought burnt offerings.'

When the sacrifice was finished the whole assemblage bowed down and worshipped. In the Orient this would mean prostrating themselves before God in reverence. There was to be more than 'the blood of bulls and of goats' in this return of Israel to her God, more than the joyful songs; there was a season of reverent worship of God. The heart must have its service as well as the lip, if one is truly to be reconciled.

Then the king urged the reconsecrated people to bring their sacrifices and offerings, as of old, under the law of Moses. So sacrifices and thank offerings were brought, and in addition voluntary offerings were given.

The impulse of a changed heart is to give as well as to receive, so now the people began to respond to this feeling, and, as of old free will offerings came to the temple.

Notice the order of these things. First, repentance for sin, as indicated in the sin offering and further, glad songs of praise to a forgiving God; then reverent worship of hearts reconsecrated; and finally, deeds, as in free will offerings, indicating the genuine change in the hearts of the people.

The lesson for December 11 is, 'Captivity of the Ten Tribes.' II. Kings xvii., 6-18.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 4.—Topic—How to worship in spirit and in truth. Ps. c., 1-5; John iv., 19-24.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW GOD LED HIS PEOPLE.

Monday, Nov. 28.—Pharaoh must let them go. Ex. xi., 1.

Tuesday, Nov. 29.—Sorrow in Egypt. Ex. xii., 29, 30.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.—The king said, 'Go.' Ex. xii., 31-36.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—Going out of Egypt. Ex. xii., 37-39.

Friday, Dec. 2.—A night to be remembered. Ex. xii., 40-42.

Saturday, Dec. 3.—'Show thy son.' Ex. xiii., 8-16.

Sunday, Dec. 4.—Topic.—How God led his people. Ex. iii., 17-22.

No Interruption.

The superintendent should so arrange his programme that there is no interruption. When one exercise is over the other should follow at once. Keep everybody so busy that there shall be no time left or rather wasted.

If this official should find that there is an undue intermission between the exercises of the school somewhere, let him set his wits to work to fill it up other than by tapping the bell. If he does he will readily discover that that useful article in a Sunday-school is not placed in it to 'pound' for order, but only to call the attention of the school to himself or to a change of exercise, and it will not be long till he will find time to talk of some other than 'Heaven's first law.'—'The Sunday-school Teacher.'

'The world is God's seed-bed. He has planted deep and multitudinously, and many things there are which have not yet come up.'—Beecher.

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the fourth week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure $200.00 in gold or at least one of the weekly prizes of either $10.00 or $5.00, which are offered up to Dec. 24.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

NOVEMBER.

1.
Come before his face with thanksgiving. Psa. xvi., 2.

2.
For all things are for your sakes. II. Cor. iv., 15.

3.
He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come with rejoicing and bring his sheaves with him. Ps. cxxxvi., 6.

4.
With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. Isa. xii., 3.

5.
Till he fill thy mouth with laughing and thy lips with rejoicing. Job. viii., 21.

6.
Rejoice that your names are written in heaven. Luke x., 20.
Myrtle Chapelle,

7.
Although the fig-tree shall not blossom neither shall fruit be in the vines;.....yet I will rejoice in the God of my salvation. Hab. iii., 18.
Winifred Kime,

8.
He that ploweth should plow in hope. I. Cor. ix., 10.

9.
He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. II. Cor. IX 6.

10.
Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Gal. vi., 7.

11.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. Ps. lvx., 11.

12.
He maketh peace in thy borders and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat. Ps. cxlvii., 14.

13.
First the blade, and then the ear and after that the full corn in the ear. Mark iv., 28.
Frances Mildred Scoot

14.
The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Matt. ix., 37.

15.
Pray we therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers in his harvest. Matt. ix., 38.

16.
He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal. John iv., 36.
Harold McM.

17.
Where hast thou gleaned to-day- Ruth ii.,19.

18.
Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand to. Deut. xii., 7.

19.
Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God. Col. iii., 17.

20.
In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. I. Thes. v., 18.

21.
The voice of rejoicing is in the tablernacles of the righteous. Ps. cxviii., 15.

22.
Rejoice in the Lord alway. Phil. iv., 4.

23.
Though ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I. Peter i., 8.

24.
Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. II. Cor. vi., 10.

25.
In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. Ps. xiii., 7.
M. Ethel Atkinson,

26.
Let us offer . . . the fruit of our lips giving praise to his name. Heb. xiii., 15.

27.
Ask and ye shall receive that your joy may be full. John xvi., 24.

28.
I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us. Isa. lxiii., 17.

29.
The valleys are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing. Ps. lxv., 13.

30.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Ps. ciii., 1.

31
Let all the people praise thee, O Lord. Ps. lxvii., 3.

Fairlight, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—As I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' so much, I thought I would write a letter. My mother used to take the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl. At the time there was a serial story, 'Rag and Tag.' I should like to see it in print again. Like some of the correspondents, I am a stamp collector, and also collect picture postal cards. If this letter is published, I shall write a different kind of a letter, and tell you all about the North-West. I could tell the boys and girls in the east about a blizzard, or a prairie fire, or how we ride miles and miles over the prairie and never see a person. But they might smile when they know I have never seen an apple grow or seen a squirrel eating a hickory nut, nor climbed a rail fence; but my mother has told me all about these things, for her home was near Kingston. I hope I shall always be able to take the 'Messenger.' I am twelve years old, and am in the fourth class. We only have school during the summer months.
EFFIE C.

Callander, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. My birthday is on March 27. We keep a tailor-shop. We have a dog named Jack. I have a little brother called Willie, and a little sister whose name is Myrtle. I am in the Junior II. Class at school. My little friend's name is Aggie B. I never think of calling my little sister her right name. I always call her May for short. My auntie has two twins, and they are the prettiest little things you ever saw.
CYBLE C.

Economy.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one. I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year, and like it very much. I am eleven years old, and am in the seventh grade. We have a nice teacher, and her name is Miss Laura McG. A few months ago I got subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and received a nice Bagster Bible for my work. I was very much pleased with it. I go to school nearly every day. I have two sisters and two brothers, and I am the oldest. I like to read the Correspondence Page and Boys' and Girls' Page best. My sister's name is Pearl. She is eight years old, and in the second grade. My other brother and sister are not going to school now.
HAZEL B. E.

Callander, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old, and my birthday is on March 20. My father keeps the post-office, grocery shop and bakery. We have thirty-one hens, and I feed them and lock them up. I go to school every day, and I like my teacher. I am in the Junior II. Class at school.
AGGIE B.

Callander, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. My father keeps the post-office, but we do not carry the mail. For pets I have a little black kitten named Blackie. She goes to bed upstairs, and gets up in the morning, and we give her her milk and she goes back to bed and has another sleep. I have a little sister, whose name is Aggie. I go to school nearly every day. I sit with a little girl at school whose name is Maggie H. She is going to move away from here, and I am very sorry, for I have sat with her at school for a long time. We live in a brick house. It will soon be Christmas.
JENNIE B.

West Gravenhurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' before, and I was glad to see my letter published. We have a large yellow dog. He draws a sleigh in winter, and I go for a ride sometimes. Every time he sees a dog he will go after it and he sometimes upsets the sleigh and all; but I am not the least frightened now. His name is Collie. I have another dog and a cat. I like reading the Children's Page. I must close for this time.
CLARA L.

Hanover, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and I have three sisters, whose names are Irene, Ruth and Jessie. I have read many books, some of which are: 'In His Steps,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Merle's Crusade,' and some of Dickens's works.
JEANETTA W.

Callander, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have a little pup, and we call it Toby. It is the prettiest little thing I ever saw. My father keeps a tailor shop. I have a little sister, and she is eight years of age, and her name is Cyble. The little girl that lives next door is Gertie P. I daresay you have often heard of her, for she is a lovely singer. I play with her every day. We go out picking berries very often during the season.
MYRTLE C.

P.S.—Remember Gertie P., for she is a nice girl.—M. C.

Boy's Set Up in Business.

Johnny had a lot of marbles in his pocket and Frankie had none. So Frankie asked Johnny to give him a 'set up,' which Johnny goodnaturedly did. In just the same way the firm of John Dougall & Son will give to any school boy or girl who asks at once a 'set up' of two dollars and forty cents' worth of 'World Wide,' which sells at three cents a copy in Montreal, and usually five cents a copy elsewhere. But in this case, whether our young merchants get three cents or five cents, they keep the entire proceeds for themselves, thus getting two dollars and forty cents in perhaps two hours.

The newsboys in Montreal buy copies of 'World Wide,' which sell at three cents a copy, and make a good deal of money in a short time every Saturday.

School boys and girls all over Canada and the United States could do the same thing. But to them we will GIVE TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS' worth of our publications free of charge. They need only fill out the following blank and send it to us. We will immediately send them the latest issue.

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Publishers, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a 'set up' of 'World Wide' copies, which I will sell at the rate of three cents a copy, on condition that all I make I keep for my own.

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Address.....

HOUSEHOLD.

Winter Entertainments on the Farm.

(Miss Kate Rorer, in the 'N.Y. Observer.')

In this article it is intended to offer a few suggestions for simple and inexpensive entertaining during the winter months. A housewife who promotes neighborhood sociability, is a veritable benefactor to the community.

A good form of entertaining is to invite a few friends to take supper with you. If you have no dining-room, the kitchen may easily be made attractive. Of course, it should be immaculate in its cleanliness. Take a good-sized clothes horse and by means of chintz, in a neat and pretty pattern, transform it into a screen, by tacking it on smoothly and firmly. Other material besides chintz may be used, but the fact that the latter will wash is a great advantage. Potted plants will make the room attractive, and of course the table linen should be spotless, and the silver and glass bright. As for the supper, do not weary yourself by elaborate preparations, and overload the table with cake and preserves in endless variety, while a flushed and exhausted hostess presides.

An appetizing supper consists of stewed chicken with rice, cold slaw, light biscuit, and instead of preserves, coffee, jelly with whipped cream. This latter can be easily made by the following receipt: Take one package of granulated gelatine, and pour over it a pint of cold water, allowing it to stand five minutes. Make strong coffee in the proportion of three heaping tablespoonfuls of coffee to three pints of water. Boil (if you boil your coffee), strain, and while hot, pour over the gelatine. Add immediately two pounds of granulated sugar, and a generous tablespoonful of vanilla. Set away to become thoroughly chilled, and serve with whipped cream. Do not sweeten the cream, as the jelly is sufficiently sweet. A pleasing addition to your little feast would be a few salted nuts, and some home-made mint drops. To make the latter, boil together a cup of granulated sugar and half a cupful of water. When it spins a thin thread, take from the fire, and beat till white and creamy. Add ten drops good oil of peppermint, and drop upon paraffine paper.

Breaded veal with tomato sauce is always relished at a winter supper. Cut the veal in rather small pieces, dip in egg and in bread crumbs, and fry to a delicate brown. With this could be served chicken salad, raised biscuit, and home-made jelly or canned fruit. If you are fortunate enough to possess 'killable' chickens, you will have no difficulty in providing a tempting supper, for aside from the ways already suggested, they may be served in a brown fricassee, smothered, roasted, as chicken croquettes, braised, or boiled with a white sauce.

If you prefer to eliminate the labor of cooking and provide a cold supper, cold ham, and tongue or chicken are good standbys, served with an appetizing salad. Do not make the mistake of overloading your table with an endless variety of sweets. Two kinds of good cake are amply sufficient, while jelly to be eaten with the meat, and one variety of preserves, is better than a great 'set-out.'

Perhaps the simplest way of entertaining is to invite a few friends in to spend the evening, and the young son or daughter on the farm will greatly enjoy entertaining his or her companions. After an evening spent in games, the young folks will appreciate coffee, home-made cake, and home-made icecream. Icecream is not often made during the winter, owing to the difficulty of procuring ice, but it is not generally known that it may be frozen with snow instead. Pack as you do with ice, and although it may take a little longer, the cream will be equally well frozen as if ice had been used.

A sleighing party is an enjoyable diversion on a winter night, when the air is not too sharp, and the moon is shining, and the young people will return rosy, happy, and invariably hungry. Hot chocolate and cake will then be appreciated, and a plate of doughnuts will rapidly disappear.

It is a pleasant form of hospitality to offer refreshments to guests who call, a cup of chocolate or of coffee and cake. We are exhorted to hospitality in the Bible, and it is said that in entertaining strangers, some have even entertained angels unawares. While it may not be the lot of every one to entertain a heavenly visitant, yet the village housewife who brightens the lives of those about her by simple gracious hospitality will beyond all doubt have her reward.

Patience.

(Marianne Farningham.)

Lord, give this grace of Thine to me
  That I may live aright;
However dark the path may be
  Let Patience bring me light.

When my heart fails me in the storm,
  And there is none to save,
Let this friend put her hand in mine,
  And Patience make me brave.

When strife and turmoil are around,
  And weak has grown my will,
Let Patience like an angel come
  And teach me to be still.

Let quiet Patience help my soul
  Beneath the scourge of wrong,
And check my angry words of wrath,
  And turn them into song.

Lord, I am very weak and frail,
  And am not good or great,
Yet shall I worthier be if Thou
  Wilt give me grace to wait.

And so I pray whatever come
  Of trouble, pain or care,
Bid Patience my companion be
  Beside me everywhere.

Mistaken Economies.

(Natalie H. Synder, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Some time ago a clever man—or perhaps it was a woman—started the idea of an 'only' box. Into this were to be dropped the coins that were saved from small indulgences. The woman who refrained from ice cream soda or caramels, or saved car fare by walking, deposited the sum thus gained in the 'only box.' The idea was excellent—in a way, writes Christine Terhune Herrick. There can be no doubt that we all spend small sums of money in foolish fashions, in buying some things we are as well off without. These sums, if lumped, would make something worth while. But there is danger in the scheme. One drawback was pointed out by, I think, Chauncey M. Depew, or some one equally well known, when he said that the economy which induced the man to refrain from bringing home flowers to his wife, or from granting her some other trifling pleasure was a worse mistake than extravagance. There are some savings that cost too much for anyone to venture to indulge in them.

Are not many of the things that are denied more valuable than the money they would demand? I am not speaking of such obvious blunders as wearing out a quarter's worth of shoe leather to save a nickel's car fare, or ruining a handsome gown on a stormy day sooner than pay the price of a cab. Everywhere women and men are guilty of this form of stupidity. But I refer now to another variety of economy, which is equally to be condemned.

We all know the man who never has time to get away from his business, the woman who is never able to leave the house, except to go to church or to market. The habit of economizing in time and money has continued, after the real need that once existed has passed away. It is well for those who save in this way to ask themselves why they do it. What do they win by it? It is worth while for the woman who stays at home to take half an hour off some day and determine what she is going to gain in exchange for all she is giving up. I do not for a moment approve of women neglecting their homes for the sake of running about out of doors. That mistake is as big as the other. But there is such a thing as a middle course. The woman who makes her one idea that of keeping her house in spick and span order, pays pretty dearly for her indulgence. Her complexion, her health and often her temper are sacrificed to the saving of mere money. It is an absurdity to call this economy.

The best way in which a woman can fit herself to see life steadily and see it whole is by getting into the fresh air, by the time her body has been there for a while her mind will be clearer and she will be able to perceive for herself how mistaken are some of her economies. She will wonder why she ever thought it more important to dust every nook and corner of the house every day than it was to fill her lungs with pure air. She will see that it was poor economy to make her own frocks instead of having a dressmaker in once in a while and gaining the opportunity to read the new book or learn the new song or devote herself to giving her husband a jolly evening, such as they used to have when they were first married. She will learn that it is not economy to put a few yards more trimming on the children's clothes instead of saving the time to give herself to her growing boys and girls, in indoor and outdoor sport.

Selected Recipes.

Cauliflower with sauce.—Cauliflower, with white sauce, is a dish fit to set before a king. To prepare it take off all outside leaves, and wash thoroughly. Put in bag and boil gently half an hour in salted water. Pour over melted butter with a spoonful of cream, or make this white sauce: Cook together one ounce of flour and two ounces of butter, add one pint of sweet cream or milk, simmer five minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Curry of Lamb and Toast.—One pint of stock, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion, one teaspoonful curry powder, one and one-half pounds of cold cooked lamb cut into strips. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add onion and cook slowly until a golden brown, then add curry powder, flour, salt and pepper to taste. When blended add the stock, a little at a time, stirring until it thickens; then add the lamb and simmer until tender. Serve on butter toast.

Tomato Fritters.—Stew a quart of tomatoes until reduced to a pint. When quite cold season with salt, pepper and celery salt, and add the beaten yolk of an egg and sufficient bread-crumbs to make a mixture thick enough to hold together. Drop from a spoon into hot fat.

Subscribers Please Note.

The 'Northern Messenger' readers will readily understand how it comes that the rate on this paper has had to be increased from thirty cents to forty cents per annum. It has been well known that the rate of the 'Northern Messenger' was lower than that of any other weekly paper of this class published in the world, and at forty cents a year it still is, so far as we know, the lowest price charged by any publisher for such a paper. Our subscribers have noted with pleasure that during the year we have very frequently given them a sixteen-page paper instead of a twelve-page paper. They have also noted with even greater satisfaction the marked improvement in the quality of the paper used, and the consequent improvement in the printing of letter press and illustrations. These improvements have not been brought about without a very large outlay, and this large outlay, added to the extra cost in these days of labor and production, not only warrants a slight increase in price, but necessitates it. This increase of price, however, applies only in the case of individual subscriptions, the club rates standing practically as before, in some cases being even a little more advantageous to the agent or club raiser, and those subscribers who get up clubs for mutual reduction of rates. In clubs of three or more, at forty cents each, we allow 50 percent—that is, half the subscription rate—on bona-fide new subscriptions; and 33 1-3 percent—or one-third—off renewals. This gives the agent or club raiser a very good return for any effort he may make, and many of our young readers will find it to their advantage to go among their acquaintances and secure subscriptions for the 'Messenger.' We hope that many more of our individual subscribers will take advantage of the club rates by securing subscriptions of friends to send with their own.

The Father and His Boy.

The training of girls is peculiarly the mother's work, and not even a father should much interfere, save in the way of suggestion and to give sanction and aid from time to time. But for boys there is need not only of the mother's care and loving watchfulness, but also of the father's wise, patient, persistent solicitude and active interest.

It is not much to be wondered at that fathers, occupied in wearying labor to provide for the physical requirements of the family, should leave to the mother the 'bringing up' of both sons and daughters. Let us not, however, lose sight of the end in the fierce endeavor to obtain what, after all, is only means to the end. Our sons' physical, mental and moral well-being, their characters, are of infinitely more concern to us and to the race than silver or gold. True manhood is the heritage that a wise father will wish to leave to his child. But this he cannot bequeath in his 'last will and testament.' Character, including in one word manhood, courage, honesty, faithfulness to duty, is the result of education and training in the formative period of life. It must be built up day by day and year by year, just as with nourishing food and exercise a vigorous body is built up.

To each child the Creator gave the father who should be companion, guide, protector and friend. A father cannot escape the conclusion that here is found his greatest responsibility. If by reason of sensuality and self-indulgence, or carelessness and negligence, he fails to discharge this duty, the natural law of cause and effect is not more sure than that sooner or later he will come to know bitter though unavailing remorse, and tears which shall burn his soul.

The same infinitely wise and helpful Being whom we are taught by the Master to call 'our Father,' will teach the humblest and the most ignorant, as well as the mighty and the learned, who earnestly desire this knowledge, how each may best bring up his son to be an honest, industrious, self-respecting and respected man. If the earnest desire and persistent purpose be in his heart, the right word to be spoken in admonition, warning and counsel will come to the lips; and the tone and inflection which will reach the heart of the child will not be wanting.

But this can only be through companionship. We must live with our boys, be their comrades and enter into their pleasures and their sorrows. Herein many fathers—'good' fathers, Christian fathers, churchgoing fathers—fail and fall short.

Let the father often recur to his own experience as a boy. No doubt your boy lives in a different environment, yet boys are boys, and you can well remember how you felt when you were of his age. If, looking back, you feel that your father in some cases erred in his treatment of you, learn from this how in wisdom, fairness and justice to treat your son, so that you may avoid your father's error. If the berating given you by your father or a teacher was in your estimation unjust, sometimes harsh and almost invariably a miserable mistake, be constantly on your guard that you do not by harsh and unnecessary censure, awake in your son the demon of hate and rebellion against all authority.

Remember that the faults of character you discover in him are but reproductions of your own traits. Has he a quick temper? How is your own, even now in your maturer years? Have you yet learned that in order to govern others one must first learn to govern himself? Is he obstinate, self-willed, conceited at times? Ask his mother, or better, your mother, if she has ever detected such traits in you? Has he been disobedient? Can you not recall another such boy? Be patient; character growth is slow. Your boy has yet many inches to grow in height ere he becomes a man. When ill, you do not scold or storm at him, nor do you reproach him too much, though his illness is due to eating green apples in utter disregard of your injunctions. You proceed to cure him, and hope he has learned his lessons as you did yours, when you too were a disobedient son. Thus shall he learn, from you and through experience, the lesson of life—that fire burns, that wrong-doing will bring pain, disgrace and trouble to him and to those he loves.

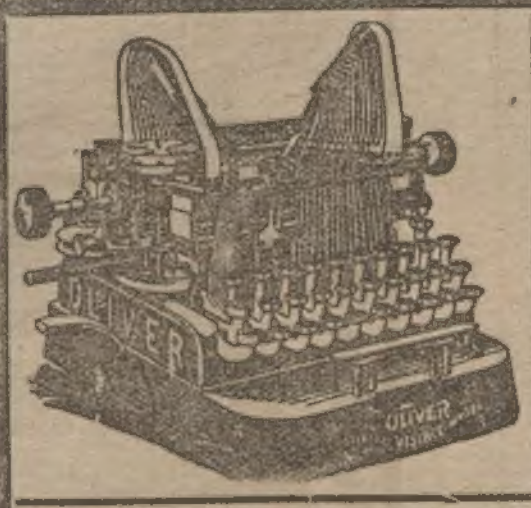
If you will be his companion, be his playmate; if you will enter into his thoughts, be part of his daily life, go with him sometimes to the games he is interested in; share his troubles, be they ever so insignificant; invite his absolute trust by treating his communications with inviolable and sacred confidence—you will soon learn that you have gained an influence over him that shall last as long as your life, and guide him after you are gone. If you do this, and not foolishly drive him and his confidences from you or by reproach and harmful punishments chill and terrorize him, he will cling to you as to the best and truest friend.

You need recreation and pleasure, it is the law of our nature. For a stronger reason does your son. It is the nature of the young of all animals to sport and play. Thus the mind as well as the body of the child is best developed. Let the boy play, as God intended. Find not too often fault that he mars the furniture or breaks an occasional window.

Cultivate a taste for good reading by reading aloud good books, and guard with never failing watchfulness against bad books and bad associates. Talk to him about the boys he plays with, and find out whether they use bad words or do things you and his mother and teachers have taught him are wrong. All these things you can find out without letting him feel that he has 'told on' another boy. Then tell him in kind but earnest words that association with boys who use foul or profane words, or who do things which such boys usually, do, can only result in injury; and appeal to him on his own account, on his mother's and sisters' account, to abandon such companionship. Persuade rather than punish; appeal to manhood, and his sense of honor and self-respect.

If punishment be needed, as sometimes in moderation it is, let it be wisely and temperately administered, not in anger or unreasoning passion. Deprivation of a pleasure will often produce results which no amount of beating ever could.

Our example will have deep and lasting influence over the character and conduct of our sons. If this example be not clean, straightforward, honest and true, beware lest your son come to pay little heed to words of counsel, be they ever so wise. Take heed that your weak and faulty life does not cause your ad-



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WE TRUST YOU WITH OUR SHEET MUSIC. Send no money, just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid, 20 pieces of our Sheet Music, including such popular titles as "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," "Old School Chums," "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Prayer I Learned on Mother's Knee," "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," etc., etc. It is full size (11 x 14 in.) finely printed on heavy white paper, with beautifully colored lithographed covers and sells everywhere for 25c. You sell it for only 10c., send us the money and for your trouble we will send you a new, 1905 style **Elegant Fur Scarf**, Ladys or Girl's size, made of the finest quality French Black Lynx, over 45 inches long, 6 to 7 inches wide (fur on both sides) and has 6 long full brush tails and a fancy Hook and Chain fastener at the throat. It is a regular $10 Fur Scarf in appearance, very warm and comfortable and adds a stylish and dressy effect to the wearer's appearance. The reason we can afford to give away such a handsome Fur is because one of the largest fur manufacturers in Canada offered to make them for us away below cost in the summer if we would order an immense quantity, in order to keep all their hands employed during the slack season. This is a grand opportunity for you. **An Extra Present Free** If you will write for the music to-day and be prompt in selling it and returning the money, we will give you free, in addition to the Fur Scarf, a handsome 14k gold-finished Ring, set with large beautiful Pearls and Diamonds, exact reproductions of the genuine stones. None but experts can tell it from a costly ring. Write this very minute, before you forget, and be the first in your neighborhood to sell our music. Address The **Royal Academy Publishing Co.**, Dept. 446 Toronto

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

vice and yourself to be viewed with indifference if not contempt.

I shall not dwell upon the duty of church-going and religious instruction. All that has been said, presupposes this. Teach your son that each of us is responsible for his conduct, and that the laws of the Creator will bring upon him who disobeys them a certain penalty. Yet, be on your guard not to 'preach' too much. Never become impatient or angry because your boy disagrees with you. Reason with him, but do not sneer. There is neither courtesy, tact nor argument in a sneer. Treat boys with respect. Listen to their views. Draw them out and let them see that you trust them. Even when you become satisfied that one is not worthy, I would hesitate to let him know the extent of my distrust. Never let him think that you think he cannot become a good and useful man, if only he will sincerely wish and try to do what is right. He who made the heart alone can tell what word, what act of yours, may serve to check and save the disobedient and wayward child. We can at least keep on trying and hoping—always hoping.—'The Christian World and Work.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

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Cylinder, 9 inches diameter.
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Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** today and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket.

HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.

TWIN DOLLS FREE

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland,** are the new arrivals from far away dolliland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll,** with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnover collars,** handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls,** Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at **15c each.** The Home Art Co., Dept. 438 Toronto.

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 489 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With sixteen beautiful Turnover Collars to sell for us at only 15c each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little watch with gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. The collars are handsomely made of fine lace and lawn and sell regularly in stores for 25c. At 15c you can sell them all in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the collars postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **THE HOME ART COMPANY, Dept. 479, Toronto, Ont.**

FOOTBALL FREE

Boys, send to us for 20 pieces of our popular 25c. Sheet Music, to sell for only 10c., or 20 of our one-piece King Collar Buttons, that wear like Solid Gold, to sell at only 10c. each. Return us the $2.00 received, and we will send you at once a Regulation-size Rugby Football, consisting of a tested bladder, made of the best rubber, and a strongly sewed leather cover. It is warranted to stand rough work. We trust you. Be sure to say whether you wish to sell Music or Collar Buttons. Address The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 468, Toronto

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

BOY'S WATCH FREE

We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only 1½ dozen of our new one-piece King Collar Buttons at 10c. each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one. The watch has a beautiful solid silver nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy beveled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last ten years. The Collar Buttons are the best made, heavily gold plated and burnished so that they wear like solid gold. They sell so fast that the factory are now making one million every day. Write for the Collar Buttons to-day. The Canadian Premium Syndicate Dept. 455, Toronto.

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